New Statesman

The Week-end Review

VOL. LVII · No. 1461 SATURDAY · 14 MARCH 1959 NINEPENCE

Massacre in Africa?

★

Ten Days that Didn't Shake the World by Malcolm Muggeridge

★

Tunisian Independence by Paul Johnson

Comments on the Week's News .. 354
Massacre? 357
London Diary. Critic 358
This England 359
Independence Blues. Paul Johnson .. 359
Ten Days that Didn't Shake the World. Malcolm Muggeridge .. 360
Information, Please. Marghanita Laski 362

ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT

Dallapiccola. David Drew 363
Cannibals and Kings. A. Alvarez .. 364
Free Cinema. William Whitebait .. 366
Armstrong. Francis Newton 366
Round the Market. John Berger .. 366
Demi-Supermac. Tom Driberg .. 367

CORRESPONDENCE

Wilfred Wellock, Prof. J. D. Bernal, David Hollings, John Crabbe, Roy Shaw, John Hutchings, W. R. Cook, E. J. B. Anderson, 'Militant' Browne 368

Books in General:
The Man Who Snubbed Himself. V. S. Pritchett 371
The Wild Doves at Louis Trichardt. William Plomer 372

REVIEWS

South Africa's Neighbour. Basil Davidson 372
Pepper in the Poteen. Mary Scrutton 373
An Open Critic. Richard Hoggart .. 374
Revolution from Above. John Elliott .. 374
New Novels. V. S. Naipaul 376
Jolly Old Strindberg. G. W. Stonier .. 376
Down on Your Knees. Norman St John-Stevas 377
High Enjoyment. Janet Adam Smith .. 377
The Proper Study. Anthony Barnett .. 378

Week-end Competitions 378
City Lights. Taurus 379

© *The Statesman & Nation Publishing Co. Ltd* 1959

Comments on the Week's News

Nasser Foiled Again

President Nasser has now made three attempts to incorporate Iraq in the United Arab Republic. The first, purely diplomatic, was made immediately after the July 1958 *coup*, when Akrim Hourani and Michel Afflak visited Baghdad and attempted to negotiate a union; the offer was politely rejected. The second, three months later, was political: Colonel Aref, supported by a miscellaneous group of Pan-Arabist nationalists, including Rashid Ali, attempted to take over the government; they were arrested, tried and sentenced, though the executions have not yet been carried out. This phase ended last month, when the remaining Pan-Arabists in the government were ousted. This week, the Egyptians and their Iraqi allies resorted to direct military methods. There seems little doubt that Colonel Shawwaf and his supporters were in contact with the UAR embassy in Baghdad, and received physical assistance from the Syrian province. Shawwaf's support in the army does not appear to have been substantial, and the intervention of the powerful Iraqi air force was decisive in crushing the revolt. The Baghdad mob remained loyal to Kassem. The incident has confirmed the impression that, if the political dualism on which the Kassem coalition has so far rested is now untenable, Iraqi nationalism rather than Cairo-directed Pan-Arabism will triumph. Until this week, Kassem's quarrel with Nasser had been conducted in a gentlemanly fashion; but this mood will scarcely survive an open clash, in which the prominent left-wing Socialist Kamil Kazanchi was murdered, nearly 1,000 militants on both sides killed, and 60 insurgent officers executed without trial. It is now probable that the suspended sentences imposed on the Pan-Arabist conspirators will be carried out and diplomatic relations with the UAR formally ended. The most gratifying, and significant, aspect of the affair was the absence of oil politics. The Iraq Petroleum Company remained wisely silent; and, reciprocally, neither side in the dispute found it profitable to drag IPC in.

Green Light in Cyprus

The public endorsement by Colonel Grivas of Archbishop Makarios's leadership in Cyprus, coupled with the very lukewarm public welcome accorded to the extremist Bishop of Kyrenia on his return from Athens last week-end, suggests that Eoka's activities are indefinitely suspended and that the right wing in Cyprus, as in Greece itself, is now prepared to abandon Enosis and work for the success of the London agreement. The position of the Left remains, as it always has been, less clear: the Communists and fellow-travellers, who are strongly entrenched in local government and the trade unions, have always had doubts about the desirability of union with the extreme right-wing government in Greece and have made no secret of their mistrust of the near-Fascist connections of Grivas and his entourage. On the other hand, they cannot view with unmixed joy the prospect of an independent Cyprus, hedged round with reservations designed to keep out Communist influence and fortify the Atlantic alliance. The Archbishop shrewdly included a number of left-wingers in his delegation to the London talks, and this tactic seems to have paid off. Mr Ziatides, the most influential spokesman of the trade unions, has promised at least negative support for the agreement, and the Left as a whole seems to have decided that the moderate-centre leadership of Makarios is the best it can get for the present. The moral of all this for both Britain and Turkey is that final agreement on the new constitution and the transfer of power would best be made quickly, while the Archbishop's leadership is more or less unchallenged.

We Can Conquer Unemployment

With a surprisingly small fanfare, the Labour Party published this week an unpretentious document which could easily turn out to be an election winner. Last month the party dispatched Mr Douglas Jay on a tour of 'some of the areas worst affected by unemployment', including Wales, Lancashire, Tyneside, Clydeside, South-west Scotland and Dundee. The result is a personal report, *Unemployment* (Labour Party; 6d.), which analyses the problem in detail and by areas, warns the country that the government's policy of general deflation must be abandoned, and concludes with 12 practical recommendations. 'Given a general expansion policy,' observes Mr Jay in his final sentence, 'the above measures can confidently be expected to bring full employment to many of the worst hit areas in a reasonably short period.' A reasonably short period means up to about three years. Mr Jay writes on this subject with particular authority. Not only is he a reputable economist, but he is one of the principal experts in Britain on the problems of the distribution of industry, on which he worked as a wartime civil servant under Mr Dalton. Although *Unemployment* is published as a personal report, the Labour Party has announced that it has decided to adopt its recommendations as official party policy. This challenges the present government at the point where it hurts most. Mr Macmillan is electorally extremely vulnerable in the growing number of unemployment areas: along comes Mr Jay and argues convincingly that (*a*) the trouble is mainly caused by deliberate government policy; and (*b*) that it can be cured as soon as a different policy is pursued. The ball is now in the Tory court.

Steel Discipline

The Iron and Steel Trades Association, which has just debarred five of its members in South Wales from holding any union office, is a well-disciplined association. Like the steel employers, it prefers discretion to publicity, and, unlike some other unions, it is not accustomed to reveal internal disagreements: it does not even hold public annual conferences. Its leaders justify both the discipline and the secrecy by claiming that labour relations in the industry are excellent and that its members as a whole earn the highest wages in British industry. The decision to impose such sharp punishment upon a number of well-known local officers is the first case of its kind since 1947, and it stems mainly from a feud between the divisional officer, Mr A. E. Vincent, and some of the branch officials in the Port Talbot, Margam and Abbey plants of the Steel Company of Wales. The 24 union branches in these works, with a total membership of about 14,000 have a 'joint group', which is recognised by the union constitution and has served as a local liaison committee. Its leaders have for some time been seeking greater powers, notably to discuss such matters as working conditions and job rates directly with the management, while Mr Vincent has been sticking to the strict policy of the union – which prefers to make its agreements with the employers and then, with the utmost rigour, to ensure that they are observed by the membership. This policy may lead to excellent relations between the management and the union, and to industrial peace, but it is not surprising if it leads to some friction between the members and the union bureaucracy. The flagrant breach of rule in the four-day unofficial strike two weeks ago – which is admitted by the five men concerned – has given Mr Douglas, the general secretary of the Iron and Steel Trades Association, a chance to tighten the screw of discipline.

Communists and the ETU

The drawn-out controversy about the role of the Communists within the Electrical Trades Union is slowly approaching a climax. After specific charges of electoral trickery had been published in this and other journals, the TUC asked the ETU for its answer to the allegations. The reply, it now seems, was unsatisfactory, for another letter has now been sent to the ETU secretary, Mr Frank Haxell, seeking a more definite answer than vague phrases about the distortions of 'the capitalist press'. At the same time, disciplinary action is now being taken against some of the most vocal critics of the Communist leadership, among them Mr Mark Young, who wrote to this journal showing how the Communist machine worked within the union, and Mr Les Cannon, who is now prevented from running as a candidate in union elections. The purpose of the charges now made against these critics is to silence them, and the form is to accuse them of 'disclosing union business'. At this point one may well ask what Mr Haxell, Mr MacLennan, Mr Hendy and Mr Frazer, to take only four prominent Communists in the leadership, were doing when they met on several occasions with Mr Peter Kerrigan in the boardroom of the Communist Party offices in King Street; or what happened when executive members and full-time union officials attended Communist fraction meetings in the St Thomas A'Becket public house in the Old Kent Road, on the eve of union conferences. Members of the ETU, moreover, were at a private Communist meeting in Shoreditch on Sunday, 8 February, when Mr Ron Sell, a full-time party organiser, led the discussion on 'the struggle against disruptive elements in the ETU'. Will Mr Haxell and his colleagues bring disciplinary charges against these members? The remedy for the unsatisfactory situation lies primarily in the hands of the ETU membership, who are gradually beginning to make headway against the constitutional defences and the barrage of distortions employed by the controlling clique. It is not an easy matter, because the Communists have a well-organised machine, and its critics have none. But the ETU members may note that yet another Communist official has joined the lengthening list of party members who have resigned in disgust at party tactics. This time it is the London Area Officer of the ETU, Mr Tom Vetterlein, who was a member of the union executive for eight years, and a Communist for 35 years.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Bonn

From De Gaulle to Macmillan

Our Bonn Correspondent writes: Chancellor Adenauer returned from last week's political excursion to Paris fully convinced that his journey had been both necessary and worth while. His joy at being able to report that General de Gaulle fully shared his views on how to deal with the East-West situation was obvious. Other German politicians were not so happy about the visit to Marly-le-Roi. These are the people who have long felt that the time has come when Adenauer's very commendable services in building up French-German understanding should also extend to something more than a 'little European' concept – even of global problems. They feel that the sudden rush to consult with the French Premier, before the results of the Macmillan visit to Moscow were known, indicated too clearly the Chancellor's unwillingness even to hear of possible new avenues of agreement with the Soviet Union, let alone to explore them. This is largely due to Adenauer's conviction that most of the Russian threats are bluff and must be resisted at all costs: any kind of compromise is vacillation and will lead nowhere. This view is not shared by many of his countrymen, including some in his own party. They look at the precarious position of Berlin and the pending recognition by Krushchev of the German Democratic Republic and think that the time for negotiating with the Russians is long overdue. To these people, the danger appears to be that in the near future events will outrun theories, and there will be certain accomplished facts for which the government here will not have prepared the population. In other words, Bonn will not only have to accept the hard fact of the division of Germany, but also wake up to realise that little preparation has been made to deal with the situation which will exist after these two German states are already sovereign. The USSR has practically dictated the division of Germany for some years to come. Merely to reiterate the phrase 'reunification through free elections' will get nowhere. Those Germans who still hope against hope for some early form of reunification are despondent because they fear the permanent division of this country may soon be decided through acceptance of some form of disengagement and through a peace treaty. But they have no satisfactory alternatives to offer. Most of their fellow countrymen accept the East German Republic and now worry far more over the future of Berlin.

An official spokesman made it clear, after the de Gaulle talks, that Macmillan's ideas about 'disengagement' in Europe were unacceptable here. In fact, Adenauer has always been hostile to the idea, from the time when Anthony Eden first advanced it in 1955. Any limitation of forces on both sides of the iron curtain would also be hard to accept, since it would mean a reduction in the size of the new *Bundeswehr*. The Chancellor would undoubtedly point to the effects of such measures on the morale of the people here, especially if it meant the withdrawal of the American and other allied troops from the Federal Republic and opened the way for increased Communist infiltration from across the Elbe. Adenauer may not like to admit it, but the majority of Germans now agree that the British Premier's visit to Moscow was both necessary and profitable. They believe it helped towards getting East-West discussions started again – or at least, if that end proves not to be achieved, that Britain did what it could in that direction.

New York

Search for the Silver Lining

Had Prime Minister Macmillan come here immediately after his rebuff at the hands of Mr Krushchev, he might have been given a hero's welcome, with a drive up Broadway in a shower of ticker-tape. He is sure of a cordial reception in any case, but the slight softening of the Soviet attitude immediately after the Great Gaucherie and the firm but calm tone of President Eisenhower's comments on Berlin have damped down the initially heated reaction here.

The truculent speech that Krushchev delivered out of one corner of his mouth while politely chatting with Macmillan out of the other undoubtedly raised temperatures here by several degrees. A few weeks ago the big splash in the Senate had been Mansfield's speech calling for fresh thought on the question of Germany and an end to the rigidity that had produced only a dangerous deadlock. Last week the big speech was Senator Dodd's assault on the advocates of 'flexibility'. The United States, he said, could not afford to abandon a single principle of its present policy on Berlin – 'a lot of mumbo-jumbo and mental mush about rigidity and inflexibility and misunderstanding will never help us, as we face this critical hour'. What we needed, instead, was a 90-day programme to prepare the American people for a possible outbreak of war. To Senator Fulbright, the Connecticut Democrat's insistence that 'this is a moral issue, and that evil is all that is involved' could only mean that Dodd believed 'there is no hope whatever for any kind of adjustment or compromise, and therefore we must reconcile ourselves to inevitable war'.

Speaking for the 'loyal opposition', Adlai Stevenson served notice on the Russians that 'when the President says we will not give in to force, he speaks for all of us', though he added the hope that 'we shall not show too much unwillingness to negotiate at the summit or any other level'. And former Secretary of State Dean Acheson, returning to the scene by way of the *Saturday Evening Post*, of all vehicles, got considerable attention for urging a speed-up in missile production and an increase of allied military strength in western Europe.

Nevertheless, it would be a wild exaggeration to suggest that anything like a war spirit was abroad in the land. Dodd's speech, while glowingly praised by a number of colleagues, was recited to an almost empty chamber, a circumstance going beyond Mr Dooley's classic interpretation of Senatorial courtesy: 'If ye let me talk, I'll let ye sleep'. A few days later, moreover, Senator Fulbright, speaking with authority as chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, made an unusual attempt to discourage his colleagues from trying to force the President into a diplomatic strait-jacket with rigid resolutions and conflicting advice. Noting that the responsibility was Mr Eisenhower's in any case, he reminded them that the President had already laid down the policy that we would not give 'one single inch' in Berlin. But this did not mean, the Senator added, that we would not negotiate 'on any reasonable basis'.

At his press conference four days later, the President tied any possible negotiations on Berlin to the larger question of Germany's future, which there was complete 'readiness to negotiate'. But the note of crisis was remarkably absent from his comments. A general mobilisation, he felt called upon to state, 'would be the most disastrous thing we could do'. Nor did he feel that 'we ought to be thinking all the time, every minute, that while we are sitting here, we are . . . apt to get a bombing attack on Washington'. He thought the recent Russian note showed some 'lessening of the rigidity', adding that 'we are taking it for the moment just as optimistically as we can'. The President's capacity on this score has rarely been better demonstrated than in his remarks on Macmillan's mission to Moscow: '. . . it was a trip that had to be made, and since there were some moments that were a bit brighter than the others, because there were some places that it was quite dark . . . certainly all Britain would feel better by the fact that he did go. . . .' Altogether as earnest a search for the silver lining as that graveside tribute to the departed who 'was not always as bad as he was sometimes'.

ROBERT BENDINER

Paris

The Pendulum

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Last week, the conformist press in France was making invidious comparisons between Mr Macmillan and General de Gaulle: whereas, it said, the British Premier was increasingly unsure of his electoral position, and felt himself obliged to undertake perilous international junkets to win votes, the General had French public opinion solidly behind him, and could survey the world with magisterial objectivity. To this theory last Sunday's municipal elections administered a nasty shock. The first ballot showed clearly (1) that the political pendulum is beginning to turn to the left; (2) that the electoral system employed, carefully chosen to squeeze out the Communists from their strongholds in the Paris *banlieu*, has, in fact, considerably reinforced them; (3) that the Senate, to be chosen in April by *les Grands Electeurs*, which include the municipal councillors, will be markedly more left-wing than its predecessor under the Fourth Republic.

The returns in the big towns, where local elections are fought mainly on national political issues, indicate a sharp drop in Gaullist support. Except in Bordeaux, they have little chance of winning any of the councils. Indeed, their most spectacular defeat was in Lyons, the fief of M. Soustelle, whose vote has dropped 22,000 since last November, and who fell to third place behind a Radical and a Communist. At Saint Etienne, M. Neuwirth, another of the architects of the 13 May, lost 25,000 votes, and dropped to fourth place. In Paris, the Gaullists lost 20 per cent. of the

NEXT WEEK

Spring Books Number

An enlarged issue

The profile of Arthur Horner, announced for this week, has been unavoidably held over.

votes they received in November, though, thanks to the large number of abstentions, their percentage remained steady. The CP, on the other hand, raised its share to almost 30 per cent., and is now the most powerful political formation in the capital.

The Communist success in the *banlieu*, however, was far more striking. Until last Sunday they had majorities in most of these councils, balanced, however, by large minorities of Socialists or right-wing groups. Now they hold the absolute mastery throughout the belt – Ivry, Orly, Malakof, Genevilliers, etc. *Le Monde's* comment is apt: 'The result is the opposite of the one planned: negative anti-Communism has been hoist on its own petard'. The non-Communist Left can also derive satisfaction from the first ballot. M. Claude Bourdet has been elected to the Paris municipality. M. Mendès-France's list has beaten the Gaullist M. Montagne, who unseated the ex-Premier at Louviers last November. M. Edouard Depreux, who left the Mollet Socialists last year, came top of the poll at Sceaux, and several other members of the UFD increased their votes. Among the official Socialists, those known for their opposition to M. Mollet, such as M. Tanguy Prigent, were elected at the first ballot, while M. Mollet himself did badly in his Arras stronghold, and is now likely to lose the post of mayor he has held for so long.

Geneva

International Teds

Ritchie Calder writes: In a Canadian Mounties' barracks, 120 miles north of the Arctic Circle, I found Sammy. He was the only prisoner: his cell-door was never locked. He had access to the radio and to books and to paper and, with every encouragement from the police, was studiously improving his penmanship. He was just one example of what is happening to youth, even in the Arctic. With the break-up of the old ways, through contact with white man's civilisation, young Eskimos have discovered not only the innocent fun of having jazz-bands (regrettable only because it means that the traditional Huskie Drum Dancing is disappearing), but also that it is more profitable to play poker and win money off the trappers than to go trapping themselves. Half the world away, on the equator, in a Dyak longhouse standing on stilts among the jungle treetops, I watched a group of teen-agers playing cards. There was a traditional pagan ceremony going on, with kromong drums beating and chicken blood being spattered, but the youngsters, in their corner of the longhouse, just played their cards and jeered at their elders. It was not until the ritual reached its climax that, in a panic of primeval instinct, they flung down their cards and rushed panting hysterically into the circle to be blood-sprayed.

These stories are relevant to a matter-of-fact decision taken by the executive board of Unicef at Geneva last week to tackle the youth problem on a world scale. It recognises that all teddy-boys do not wear drain-pipe trousers; that the Beat Generation does not just hang around juke boxes; it spells out frustration on tomtoms as well. It is a growing consequence of the too rapid impact of material changes on the traditional ways and the upsetting of *mores*, which, however primitive some of them may be, are a stabilising factor.

This decision, for the present, can be no more than a gesture. The Children's Fund disposes less than £8½ millions a year, and its commitments in fighting disease, improving nutrition and running mother-and-child clinics are heavy. Of the 545 million children in the countries which the fund is assisting, 60 per cent. are the responsibility of countries where the average income is less than £35 a year. Last year, the fund directly helped 50 million of those children by supplies to nationally administered and largely nationally financed programmes. So the help which Unicef can give is already spread pretty thin. Yet tens of millions of children have been saved from yaws; tens of millions have already been protected against tuberculosis, and hundreds of millions against malaria. Since the fund is so heavily committed to its programmes against disease and hunger, its new adventure into education and social psychology might seem overambitious. But it is no use salvaging children and then throwing them on the social scrapheap. Sustained improvement in health and feeding is everywhere being frustrated because there is a lack of people with the elements of education needed for carrying through the schemes. The fund's function is to help people to help themselves and education is essential to that.

The necessity for helping children in societies where cultural patterns have been disrupted by innovation has been impressed upon the fund by all its experts everywhere. This problem has been examined in a series of papers prepared by the United Nations and is clearly recognised by the countries themselves. What the fund, with its limited resources, can do is merely to show the way; to help to provide training centres for teachers and to provide educational supplies which are not available in the currencies of the countries. Governments, after 12 years of experience of this kind of help, realise that the United Nations and its agencies are not a charity-chest and that the commitments which any government undertakes in inviting help are financially far greater than the help received. The immediate proposals of Unicef are modest. Some four to six project proposals are to be developed in the latter half of 1959 and 1960 at a cost of about £50,000. In co-operation with the UN Bureau of Social Affairs, Unicef will provide a consultant to assist interested governments in planning the projects and will give them moderate means to make a start.

Westminster

Not Cricket?

If precedent set elsewhere is followed in the House of Commons, the British government may soon find itself under severe attack because of the lamentable failure of the MCC to retain the Ashes in Australia.

Recently, in the Indian senate, Mr Bhupesh Gupta tried to bring Indian cricket into politics. He called the attention of Dr K. L. Shrimali, the Minister of Education, to the severe mauling which India had received at the hands of the West Indies and asked whether, in the national interest, he would look into the methods used to select the team. Dr Shrimali stonewalled with greater skill than the Indian cricketers. This, he said, was none of the government's business. He passed the buck to the All India Council of Sports, and there it might have rested if Mr Bhupesh Gupta had been just another of those parliamentarians who put down newsy questions, not because they are interested in the answer, but because they want to get their names in the papers.

Mr Gupta, however, is a Communist, and, though this does not necessarily mean that he is averse from publicity, it does suggest that there may be something more than a desire for publicity behind his questions. Some Communist parties are fervently nationalistic – was it not said that if Russia tried to invade France after the war the only resisters would be the French Communists? – and it may be that Mr Gupta regarded three successive Test defeats not merely as a useful stick with which to beat an opponent, but a genuine national humiliation. If so the fact that the West Indies, after humiliating India, have been tactless enough to be humiliated in their turn – by Pakistan of all places – is likely to make Mr Gupta see redder than ever.

An even more likely reason for Communist interest in Indian cricket affairs is that the Cricket Board is at present split into two violently opposed factions and it is psychologically impossible for any Communist to see a split without diving straight in and making it wider. Further, the faction which at present is on top is being accused of nepotism. Men, it is said, are getting into the team not because they are the best players but because they have the best connections; and nothing infuriates a Communist more than to see nepotism being practised by other people. It seems likely therefore, especially in view of this week's disgusted resignation of one of the Indian selectors, that the Minister of Education's stonewalling ability will be further tested and that he may even have to pull out a few strokes.

Will this concern with cricket spread to the House of Commons? The House of Lords, in its judicial capacity, was long ago occupied with cricket and to considerable effect. Did not their lordships decree that the benefits paid to professional cricketers, in contrast to those paid to professional footballers, should be tax free? And were they not helped towards this decision by gentle suggestions from Lord Harris that a contrary decision might lead to some people he could mention being drummed out of their clubs? Individual members of the House of Commons, too, have frequently shown a passionate interest in cricket – and not only by playing for the Lords and Commons team. There was, for example, the famous single wicket match between Edward Francis Fay and John Burns in which Burns was given out first ball, bottom before wicket, by a Social Democratic Federation umpire who, the previous week, had called Burns a 'traitor to his class' and an 'Ananias'. More recently I have seen leading members of the two front benches sitting right through Children's Television so as not to lose their position for the last half-hour of an Australian test match. But government activity in cricket so far has been confined to Mr J. H. Thomas's intervention, as Dominions Secretary, in the body-line dispute of 1932-33 and to varying, or eventually abolishing, the entertainments tax on cricket.

It may be, however, that in this election year, Mr Harold Wilson will see a chance both to delight his native Yorkshire, still smarting over their position in last year's championship table, and to give the government a smack in the eye, by inducing the opposition to mount an attack – 'This House has no confidence in a government which persists in condoning the class basis of the MCC and furthermore connived at the omission from the first two tests of Mr Frederick Trueman'; and that the attack will be led by Mr Hugh Gaitskell and Mr Aneurin Bevan. Although from long ago I remember that the cricket of the former was indifferent and know from more recent experience that the cricket of the latter is lamentable.

J. P. W. Mallalieu

Fleet Street

Plot in the Dark

'I run my paper for the making of propaganda,' Lord Beaverbrook confided to the Royal Commission on the Press. As he arrived in London last week from his winter quarters he had no reason to feel that the *Daily Express* was unfaithful to his trust. In some other parts of Fleet Street a certain cautious scepticism about Mr Lennox-Boyd's convenient disclosure of a Nyasaland plot could be discerned. Not so in the *Daily Express*. 'African thugs were ready to launch wholesale murder: MASSACRE PLOT', it screamed across its front page on the first day, with a cosy little headline – 'Remember Mau Mau' – nestling beside the main streamer. It has not faltered since. No technique of type, innuendo or loaded sentence has been overlooked in the determination to ensure that *Express* readers should be given only one side of the case. The authority of the Colonial Secretary on the matter 'cannot be challenged', shouted its leading article – although it was at that very moment being challenged in the House of Commons in London, by missionary teachers and others in Nyasaland itself, and, of course, by several newspapers.

Next day the eight-column streamer was 'Blueprint for Murder'. 'Expressman-on-the-spot Donald Wise' had weighed in with the details the government could not give. They included 'secret meetings under the blue gum trees at the foot of the Mount of the Leopards', traitors 'forced to drink Mbawbri, a poison made from tree bark. If they vomited they survived . . . if not they died in agony' and various other matters undiscovered by most of the other reporters in Nyasaland. The *Express* did not, however, have space to report that although a considerable number of Africans had been killed, no Europeans had died.

Only the *Mail* sought to rival the *Express*, with 'Massacre Planned' across eight columns the first day. Next morning Noel Barber was competing with Donald Wise. He had 'witch doctors in leopard skins', 'obscene ceremonies involving women', and lots of 'local firewater'. Yet the *Mail* leader writer seemed less convinced than its news staff. He actually went so far as to support the Labour Party demand for a Parliamentary Commission and declared 'It is not enough to call Dr Banda either villain or hero. . . . If he planned a massacre he deserves severe punishment. But we should have the evidence'. Apart from the *Express*, in fact, only the *Daily Telegraph* found it possible to accept Mr Lennox-Boyd's words without any qualm. 'There can,' it declared, 'be no question but that a plan to massacre Europeans was discovered only just in time.' Even the *Telegraph*, however, was at pains to make it clear 'that in backing the Federal and Southern Rhodesian governments in the measures they must take to quell violence we are not endorsing the political aims which Nyasaland Africans fear these governments want to enforce'.

Elsewhere, scepticism was growing. The *Daily Herald's* reporter in Blantyre, John Mossman, had a very different story from those of the *Express* and *Mail* correspondents. 'It is,' he cabled, 'an ugly story I have to send tonight. A story of brutality, of Africans beaten up by the police, of fierce threats against newspapermen, myself included, trying to seek out the truth. A phrase constantly used against me and other newspapermen by white settlers was "Get out or we will smash you".' And the *Herald* leader demanded: 'Give the Evidence . . . Colonial Secretary Mr Lennox-Boyd talks of a massacre plot based on evidence he doesn't disclose from the source he will not identify. This stuff cannot satisfy the adult British public. . . . We say outright that there has been so much lying about what goes on in this part of Africa that nothing is to be trusted without close inspection of the motives and origin'.

The *News Chronicle*, moreover, which carried similar reports from its correspondent, of threats to reporters who tried to get at the facts, was hardly less sceptical. 'There have,' it declared in a leader, 'been disturbing reports of what amount to an incitement to violence, of riots having been reported that never took place and of quite arbitrary police action against innocent Africans.' Meanwhile, the *Manchester Guardian* had asked on the morning after Mr Lennox-Boyd's announcement why, 'if the information was received some days ago did he [the Governor] wait until yesterday to declare an emergency? And why did he say on Monday that no such powers were called for?' It followed this with some awkward reminders of other 'plots' announced by the present government. On Monday the *Guardian's* leading article again referred to 'the singular lack of supporting evidence', while its news report from Blantyre pointed out that even there 'doubt remains in some quarters because of the fact that not a single European has been killed since the state of emergency was declared although many had been vulnerable'. According to the *Observer* correspondent, George Clay, the doubts were even more considerable and held in higher quarters. 'The Governor's lack of enthusiasm for the massacre plot story has,' he reported from Blantyre, 'been marked'. And, he added, pointedly, 'the first people in Nyasaland heard of the plot was when the Colonial Secretary, Mr Lennox-Boyd, announced it in the British Parliament'.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Massacre?

'MASSACRE,' said Mr Lennox-Boyd in justification of the government's decision to use force against the African political leaders in the Central African Federation: 'widespread violence and murder', were being planned. That, at any rate, is the Colonial Secretary's story; and, since it is the sole justification for a government action which has confronted the people of both Britain and Africa with yet another colonial emergency, he will expect it to be closely scrutinised. Here is the governing passage from his Commons speech of 3 March (the day the emergency was declared in Nyasaland):

> Some days ago information came to the notice of the government of Nyasaland which was of a very serious kind. . . . That information made it clear that plans had been made by Congress to carry out widespread violence and murder of Europeans, Asians and moderate African leaders; that, in fact, a massacre was being planned.

Later in the same speech Mr Lennox-Boyd categorically denied that the decision to declare a state of emergency in Nyasaland was in any way influenced by the federal government in Salisbury. It was taken, he alleged, at the exclusive discretion of the Governor of Nyasaland, without outside pressure. The Colonial Secretary attributed the massacre conspiracy to Dr Hastings Banda and the Nyasaland Congress, who, he said, had rejected all constitutional alternatives to their maximum demands and were now reinforcing their opposition with planned violence. Earlier the same afternoon the Colonial Secretary had stated that the Governor of Nyasaland had been anxious to avoid a state of emergency, but that he had come to the conclusion on 2 March that it could not be avoided, and that he had reluctantly declared it on the morning of 3 March.

In short, the British government asks us to accept that the state of emergency was declared because Dr Banda and the Congress refused to discuss reasonable constitutional proposals offered them; that instead they planned violence and murder; that their plans were discovered by the Nyasaland government 'some days' before 3 March; but that it was as late as 2 March before the Governor concluded that nothing short of a state of emergency could bring the situation under control.

In the very same speech, however, Mr Lennox-Boyd put forward a somewhat different version of the same events – in which 'it was becoming increasingly clear that the disturbance would make the declaration of a state of emergency inevitable'. The Governor, however, (so this version goes) was not in a position to make the declaration until he had more troops. He therefore asked the federal government for additional security forces, and the governments of Northern Rhodesia, Southern Rhodesia and Tanganyika for police reinforcements. Only when he had made his security dispositions, did he feel able to declare the emergency. This version received some corroboration when Mr Lennox-Boyd admitted under pressure last Tuesday that on 26 February he had had a telegram from the Governor warning of the possibility of a state of emergency.

Now, according to Sir Edgar Whitehead, the Premier of Southern Rhodesia, preparations for the declaration of an emergency in Southern Rhodesia began before Christmas; and there is independent evidence that, as early as mid-December, federal security officers were standing by to put the present plan into operation as soon as D-day was determined. Moreover, both the Southern Rhodesian and federal leaders have been attacking the governments of Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland for not dealing more severely with their respective Congresses. While these emergency preparations were being made from the end of last year onwards, political feeling among the Africans was rising – inevitably in the face of the constitutional deadlock they faced. Yet all this time Dr Banda was publicly using his influence to advocate patience and compromise. At Nidrande, for instance, on 24 January, he told a meeting: 'Even when the Secretary of State for the Colonies announces a new constitution in London, and the Governor in Nyasaland, that will not be the end of the matter. There will be discussions and compromises – take here and give there'. In another speech he assured Europeans and Asians that they would always be 'welcome inhabitants' of Nyasaland – so long as there was no question of domination by them. In the New Year, however, force began to be used – but not in the first place by Africans. Crowds which gathered wherever Dr Banda appeared were declared 'unauthorised assemblies' and were forcibly broken up by the police. Rioting followed one such incident in Zomba on 20 January. On 15 February, there was a similar disturbance at Karonga.

On 20 February, Sir Roy Welensky and Sir

Edgar Whitehead, having spent two months preparing the emergency measures, met the Governors of Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland to discuss security. On the same day federal troops from Southern and Northern Rhodesia were sent to Nyasaland. More disturbances occurred in the Northern Province of Nyasaland, and during the next few days the province was abandoned by both police and security forces. From 20 to 28 February, it was virtually in the hands of the African masses. This is the province in which the Congress is strongest and has most of its branches. If it had been any part of the African purpose, Europeans and Asians could, during those eight days in the Northern Province, have been robbed, raped and massacred at will. Not one was touched. On 21 February, Sir Roy Welensky had announced that he intended to use 'the most rigorous methods legally at our command to maintain law and order'. Yet two days later than that, while Southern Rhodesia was calling up its white territorials, Sir Robert Armitage, the Governor of Nyasaland, publicly stated that the situation had been 'contained'.

On 26 February, the Southern Rhodesian Premier announced the state of emergency in his territory. All the National Congresses were banned; and the leaders and many members of the Southern Rhodesian Congress were arrested. There had been no violence in any part of Southern Rhodesia, but the Premier explained his action by saying that, although by British tradition governments should not act until violence had begun, his government believed that subversion should be forestalled. He emphasised further that the emergency would be used to introduce permanent regulations outlawing dangerous political movements. Nor did he confine his responsibility to Southern Rhodesia. He added: 'If we only clean up the situation in Southern Rhodesia and nowhere else, there is a risk of re-infection. I hope we shall find the other governments follow the example that Southern Rhodesia has set'. He, like Sir Roy Welensky, could hardly have made it plainer to the Governors of Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia that he expected them to toe the line. Nevertheless, on 27 February – despite the telegram of 26 February which Mr Lennox-Boyd has now admitted – both Governors declared that there was no necessity for a state of emergency in their territories.

At this point Mr John Stonehouse MP comes into the picture. On 27 February, the federal Chief Immigration Officer asked Mr Stonehouse to leave the Federation. When he refused, he was declared a prohibited immigrant and ordered to leave, although allowed to complete his tour of Northern Rhodesia. This action was clearly the sole responsibility of the federal government. Indeed, right up to the time of his eventual expulsion, the Governor of Northern Rhodesia continued to co-operate with him; and as late as 3 March, the Governor of Nyasaland was holding open his invitation to Stonehouse to visit that country. Either governor could have deported Stonehouse from his territory or refused him admission: neither did so. At this stage, too, there appears a divergence between the views of Sir Robert Armitage and the British government in London. Mr Alport, speaking for the Colonial Office, told the Commons that in the government's opinion it was not practicable for Stonehouse to visit Nyasaland once Lord Perth's predicted visit was cancelled – which it had been on 26 February. Yet, five days later, the Governor was still ready to receive him.

On 2 March, Sir Robert Armitage told a press conference in Blantyre that no state of emergency was necessary in Nyasaland and that the situation in the Northern Province was now quiet. Indeed, it had become clear by then that the demonstrations of the previous week were dying down. In most cases, moreover, the evidence suggested that when stone-throwing and other minor acts of violence had been undertaken by Africans, they had occurred after, not before, the intervention of the security forces.

It was in these circumstances – with the invitation still open to Mr Stonehouse and the Governor having denied the need only the previous day – that the state of emergency in Nyasaland was declared early in the morning of 3 March.

These facts, related to the various statements of Mr Lennox-Boyd and the other principals in this melodrama, show up some of the more obvious inconsistencies:

Had the information been available for 'some days' that a massacre was planned? If so, why was the invitation to the 'trouble-making' Mr Stonehouse maintained, and why did the Governor on 2 March deny the need for an emergency?

Was it perhaps true, alternatively, that Sir Robert Armitage, knowing all about the massacre, was waiting to declare an emergency only till his troop reinforcements were in position? But if so, he could still have declared the emergency at least three days earlier than he did, perhaps more; and if the fear of a massacre was real, it would surely have been his duty to declare the emergency at the first possible moment.

If there was any serious evidence of plans for a massacre, why was there no sign of it during the eight days when the Africans were wholly in control of the Northern Province?

Was there really, as Mr Lennox-Boyd now claims, no pressure put on the Governor of Nyasaland by the federal and Southern Rhodesian Prime Ministers? And did the Colonial Secretary really not add his own pressure to that of Sir Roy Welensky and Sir Edgar Whitehead? It is difficult to find any other explanation of the timing and sequence of events, especially when they are considered alongside the published statements of Welensky and Whitehead; and it is difficult to exclude the Colonial Office's complicity when one compares Mr Alport's attitude towards the Stonehouse visit to that of Sir Robert Armitage.

Was there really evidence 'of a very serious kind' of a plot to murder? All the principals to the alleged plot are now in detention; so, if the evidence exists, there is no good reason why they should not be brought to trial and judged guilty or innocent of the charges which are alleged against them. Why does Mr Lennox-Boyd hesitate?

The Labour Party in parliament has already gone some way in defining and probing the glaring inconsistencies which these questions indicate; and it is of the utmost importance that the government should be forced to clear them up without delay. Experience of the present government's colonial policy in, for instance, Kenya and Cyprus shows how expert at covering up the Colonial Office is – once given time to prepare its story and its witnesses. Mr Lennox-Boyd's uncomfortable appearances at the Dispatch Box this week and last show that the official story is not yet 'hard'. Meanwhile its own internal contradictions make it impossible to accept it at its face value. Violence is now taking place in Nyasaland. But only since the emergency was declared, and violence of a strangely one-sided kind. By last week-end 44 African 'rioters' had been killed by the security forces and over 70 wounded; 39 civilians and members of the security forces had been injured – none of them till after the emergency was declared and force had been used by the security forces. Whose then was the conspiracy? This is the question which must be answered. And it must be answered now, before the proof is buried too deep to be uncovered.

London Diary

A PURPLE-FACED woman was running out helter-skelter from the Caxton Hall as I arrived from one of the overflow meetings on Nyasaland. She was shouting: 'I wasn't thrown out! I left of my own accord. I never heard such sedition in my life!' Such people – Empire Loyalists plus a Scottish Nationalist who should be paid as a comic turn – add greatly to the liveliness of any left-of-centre meeting. I can see why they embarrass Lord Hailsham; for the same reason that Communist interrupters used to infuriate Bevin and Morrison. A man from the floor who caricatures the speaker's opinions, or pushes them to a logical or politically tactless conclusion, presents a problem. But to a speaker like Jo Grimond with a noble presence and a commanding voice, such interrupters, who can be told to stand up and made the text of a sermon about small minds not suiting big empires, are a gift of God. Grimond, Father Huddleston and Eirene White were all effective. So was Mr Ibbott, because he could speak with authority about Mr Clutton-Brock. The arrest of this universally respected missionary most effectively exposes the hypocrisy of the federal government's pretence of partnership. No one thinks that Clutton-Brock was arrested for any other reason but that he made a reality of partnership in his life and work. All this was splendid background. But the truth is that the campaign that must now be organised about Africa has now moved beyond the stage of moral and humanitarian protest. We face a tough, sharply defended, political battle.

* * *

The other day I heard Mr John Horner of the Fire Brigades Union keep a large audience in Reading Town Hall rocking with derisive laughter simply by reading out extracts from *CD Today* – the latest official information on Civil Defence reprinted, in pamphlet form, from the *Municipal Journal*. He contrasted its contents with the realism of the Stationery Office's 1956 pamphlet, *Nuclear Weapons*. This document, which I also have in front of me, estimated the effect of an H-bomb bombardment on Britain, and provided a scientific chart showing that a bomb on Liverpool, given a normal westerly wind, would carry lethal doses of radio activity beyond Colchester into the North Sea. Six such bombs in a row would just about cover the whole surface of England; ten or a dozen H-bombs dropped anywhere would leave very little of England habitable. This document is out of print and no longer obtainable from the Stationery Office. The new, popularly presented, pamphlet states that 'there will inevitably be millions of survivors from the immediate effects of the enemy's nuclear weapons' and that 'the one problem which seems to give a bigger headache to every member of the Atlantic Alliance is that of interesting, without alarming, the civil population'. Not to alarm us, we are told, for instance, that Britain's experience in fire fighting would be of great value; but, in another passage, that 'in some areas fire-fighting operations would be prevented or impeded by radiological hazards'. 'Some areas' is good. The primary duty of the police in war as in peace would be to maintain law and order, but 'the detailed role of the police in time of war has not yet been definitely settled'. There is another passage about waiting to use water – 'possibly for a day or two' – to give time to let rivers run clean, but this encouraging suggestion is at once smothered by the consideration that rain would quickly make the river radio-

active again 'so that a close check will be required on the use of water for a long time'. The food problem would be even more difficult. 'The flesh of beasts suffering from radiation sickness, provided they are not in the last stages, will be fit to eat'. So would 'firm hearted cabbages' – after washing. 'Peas within the pod will themselves be safe, but care will be needed in shelling them and they should be well washed before cooking'.

* * *

But what, you may ask, should the poor government do about civil defence? Clearly it will not succeed in 'interesting without alarming' us. We all know enough about the effects of nuclear weapons not to be impressed by this kind of silliness. It is futile at this stage to withdraw the alarming truth and expect us to rely on the peas inside the radio-active pods. We could, of course, follow Sweden's example and build vast shelters. But Sweden's population is about seven and a half million, and its area is vast; Sweden, I am told, is hoping to enable about one-sixth of its population to survive in underground shelters. Such a policy for Britain would, I suppose, involve spending on civil defence all what we now do on military defence, and withdrawing into neutrality. However, we have embarked on a different course – one that Mr Duncan Sandys candidly explained as a policy of defending nuclear bases, but not attempting to defend the civil population. In that case the government should re-write its instructions. What it means, and what it should honestly say, is that in the event of Britain being H-bombed, the country would inevitably be completely disrupted, and that no civil defence organisation could cope with the chaos. It could then legitimately add that an undefined number of individuals could well be expected to escape death – shepherds on the Welsh hills, perhaps, and scattered people anywhere on the edges of the fall-out – and that the number of survivors would be increased if scientific information about washing peas in radioactive water is more widely dispersed.

* * *

In his letter to *The Times* on Wednesday Geoffrey Gorer argued that the advertising breaks on TV serve 'a very useful psychological function', and that they protect the audience from the danger of 'the bemused watching of everything'. Perhaps they do, though this is a strange defence of commercialism. He has also written us a letter, quoting this journal's comment that 'the captive audience – roped in by the contractors – is sold off at fancy prices to the hucksters', and asking why, in a current issue, the 'captive audience' of NEW STATESMAN readers has to take 14 pages of advertising between 26 pages of reading matter. The examples, of course, are not comparable. There is only one commercial channel, and advertisers and viewers have to take it or leave it. The reader has an unlimited choice of newspapers and magazines. But the real difference is that the TV programme stops for the commercials, while the magazine reader can simply ignore the advertisement and read straight on. Or does Mr Gorer begin on the front page and read every issue right through, adverts and all, to the printer's imprint? He claims, in his letter to *The Times*, that in 2,000 interviews he found little dislike of commercials. But this view is contradicted by the Gallup Poll in Tuesday's *News Chronicle*, which showed that 69 per cent. of ITV viewers approve of Christopher Mayhew's campaign to limit TV advertising to genuine natural breaks. Even if Mr Gorer is not impressed, I believe that bothered programme contractors may now be busy redefining the word 'natural'.

The wisdom of the conference of nuclear disarmers last week-end in turning down the 'voters' veto' by a large majority, has been quickly proved in the Swaffham by-election. Mr Andrew Fountaine, the rebel Conservative candidate, has seen a chance of winning the votes of the 168 constituents who have so far promised Miss Arrowsmith not to vote for any candidate not in favour of unilateral disarmament. The only effect will be to damage the Labour Party's chance of winning – which is not at all what any nuclear disarmer can desire.

* * *

At Tuesday night's gathering of the Family Planning Association its admirable new film was followed by a report by Julian Huxley and Dr A. S. Parkes who had just returned from the birth control conference in Delhi. They described the beginning of a much more resolute birth control drive in India, where the present Minister of Health does really understand that without such a drive the chances of greatly raising the standard of living are remote. We had authoritative confirmation that a 'pill' which can be effective for a mass population is still to be discovered, and the audience were not favourably impressed with the news that Indian men with large families are being offered three rupees to be sterilised. But there was great interest in the experiments now going on at London, Ontario, where male animals are being given with their food a preparation that destroys the sperm. Naturally, there was a lot of gossip about the withdrawal of the BMA's pamphlet, *Getting Married*. I learn that there were 20 protests against the publication of this pamphlet while 30 angry protests have been received against its suppression. These figures are tiny. Why did the BMA yield? Was it because of an antique dislike of the suggestion that sex union is pleasurable? Or because Dr Chesser stated the fact that one-sixth of the girls who marry in this country are already pregnant?

* * *

Recently, the *London Gazette* announced that a university lecturer, following a sex-transformation, had changed his name. The lecturer lived in a quiet country village, but before the announcement had moved to avoid publicity. When the announcement appeared, nearly everybody in the village with a telephone was rung up from Fleet Street, continuously throughout the evening. A doctor in the neighbouring town was also badgered for information. Later, six cars arrived, each containing several reporters. They circled round the village until one in the morning, knocking up people in every house where a light came on. One elderly lady, returning from a visit to friends, found six men on her doorstep and had to be taken in by neighbours to escape them. Next morning, a further contingent from Fleet Street arrived. Some picketed the bus-stop, and cross-examined everyone who got off the local bus. Others went to the village school, the garage and post-office. Passers-by, including a number of elderly people, were submitted to a barrage of trick questions, in an effort to trap them into giving information which would put the press on to the track of the missing lecturer – and also of a woman friend of his whose existence was unwittingly disclosed by an elderly widow. The inquisition continued for three days. I am happy to announce that, according to my information, the most assiduous newspapers in the noble journalistic quest were the *Sketch*, the *Mail*, the *Herald* and the *Express*; and that the *Express* persisted long after the others had retired from the chase.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Mr G. Routledge, prospective Conservative candidate for Birkenhead, said he thought there was apt to be a preponderance of people with Left-wing views on radio and television programmes because Left-wingers were, on the whole, cleverer.

After loud murmurs of dissent from the audience he hastily qualified his statement by saying that Left-wingers were no more knowledgeable but they had a subtle fluency which could easily captivate people, although the views that they expressed were quite baseless. – *Manchester Guardian*. (C. Roylance.)

How could the electors of Bournemouth East be expected to march forward in freedom with chaps like Nigel Nicolson tripping them up all over the place? Surely we should be indebted to the constituency watchdogs. – Letter in *Yorkshire Evening Post*. (E. Hoyle.)

But Nyasaland has only 8,000 whites against 3,000,000 blacks, and in these days (whatever your private feelings) you cannot just go around shooting blacks by the score. – *Daily Mail*. (Peter Noble.)

Independence Blues

THE little town of Sousse twinkled in the strong spring sunlight. The ochre-coloured castle walls housing the crumbling ruins of the Arab town, the battered old buses and ancient Citroens, all were gaily decked with red-and-white flags. This was only the second congress which the reigning Néo-Destour party had celebrated in public: the others had been held furtively, in back rooms, in fear of the French secret police and *colon* gunmen. Tunisian independence was not yet three years old.

In front of the barn-like auditorium, where Bourguiba would speak, members of the Néo-Destour Youth Movement, dressed in red-and-white track-suits, were pushing back the crowds. Stern-faced ushers were marshalling docile mobs of tiny schoolgirls, each with velvet brown eyes and long pigtails; there were also solemn little boys, wearing those unmistakable relics of French rule, navy-blue overalls, high boots and long white socks. (Outside the city gates, I had seen little clusters of country urchins, vaguely clothed in sacks, their eyes half-blinded by trachoma: but these were not invited.) The President came at ten, a diminutive, Charlie Chaplain figure, with bright eyes and expressive hands, and then spoke for three-and-a-half hours, in Arabic, lovingly raking over the dying embers of the independence struggle. At each carefully-timed pause, the cheerleaders clamoured: *Vivá Bóurgúibá*, until the little man, sensing the decline in volume, motion to them to stop. The Congress voted each motion unanimously.

What had happened to Tunisian democracy? The last time I had been there, in 1955, while the independence talks were still in the balance, this tiny, poverty-inured country had seemed a beacon of hope, not only for the Arab world, but for the whole of Africa. In the Néo-Destour it had possessed a broadly-based social-democrat party, led by men of culture, tolerance and moderation, who seemed to have achieved a unique synthesis of Arab nationalism and western constitutional practice. Bourguiba had seemed a second Nehru, whom only the accident of Tunisia's size had

deprived of the benificent leadership of a Moslem continental bloc. The UGTT had been the only effective national trade union movement in the whole of Africa, run by genuine syndicalists, and not just the politicians manqués who pass for union leaders in the Arab world, and relapse into timid acquiescence once their party is in power. We had, perhaps unwisely, expected great things of an independent Tunisia: a model state which would belie the pattern of creeping autocracy which seems the fate of so many ex-colonies.

Today? The Néo-Destour, which has a virtual monopoly of the parliamentary seats and a total monopoly of political action, has become a mere sounding board for Bourguiba's oratory. The Pan-Arabist wing is in exile in Cairo, and the few independent-minded men still in its councils hesitate to speak for fear of instant dismissal. Last week's congress, in a single paragraph, swept away the remnants of the party's democratic structure. The director of the party's political bureau, Mr Abdelmajid Chaker, told the delegates – almost as an aside – that it had been decided to suppress the local federations, and replace them with 'co-ordination committees, presided over by officials appointed by the political bureau, who would co-opt the other members'.

As for the UGTT, it has become a mere department of state. Its Tunis headquarters, when I visited them four years ago, had been thronged with eager young men, battling desperately – in the midst of some confusion, to be sure – with the problem of 300,000 unemployed, out of a total work-force of not much over one million. Its narrow rooms were alive with hope and purpose, as well as tragedy. Last week they were silent, buzzing with sleepy flies. The big shots, I was told, were down in Sousse, at the Congress; but, no doubt, if I were interested in Tunisian trade unionism, the Ministry of Information could supply me with all the facts. There are still 300,000 unemployed, perhaps a few more.

The three French-language newspapers serve up an unvarying re-hash of the little man's latest pronouncements. The only independent voice, the weekly *L'Action*, modelled on *L'Express*, and regarded by many foreign observers as the finest publication in the entire Arab world, was suppressed last year. Why? 'Personal criticism of Bourguiba,' I was told. 'Then is Tunisia becoming a police state?' I asked, remembering that at the airport the new militia had worn expensive-looking jackboots. 'It depends what you call a police state,' was the reply. 'Yes, people are afraid. They're liable to be arrested in the early hours of the morning, and held in prison for a few weeks – without trial, of course. Bourguiba has divided the country up into provinces, run by governors, as in the old days. Their powers are pretty well absolute. If you want to criticise the government, it's just as well to have friends at court. Otherwise you may stay inside for quite some time. How many are in gaol? A few hundred – who knows?'

These are the views, perhaps a shade too bitter, of the educated young idealists who put their trust in Bourguiba and who could not be bought off with plum jobs. They ignore, of course, the real difficulties Bourguiba has to face. The fact, for instance, that Tunisian sovereignty is far from complete: there are still 15,000 French troops in the Bizerta base. The presence, on Tunisian soil, of at least 100,000 Algerians, forming a state within a state, acknowledging no masters but the FLN, and able, at will, to take action across the Ligne Morice which – as both they and Bourguiba know full well – would invoke instant French reprisals against Tunisian villages; a crude but effective form of blackmail which the FLN leaders do not scruple to exert. Then, too, there is the twin, if contradictory, hostility of Paris and Cairo, squeezing Tunisia in an ever-narrowing vice, from which even the brief, though much appreciated, smiles of Britain and America offer no escape. It is no easy task, as Lebanon has already discovered, for a small nation to pursue its own course at the hinge of world politics.

Such arguments, however, do not impress Bourguiba's critics. 'The Algerian war is the universal excuse,' they say, 'a permanent crutch for the regime's moral frailties. We are told: "Tunisia can't afford internal dissension – look what happened in Morrocco". We reply: "But Tunisia is not Morocco. It is, happily, a united, homogeneous country, with a tradition of national solidarity unique in the Arab world, and a trained and responsible political elite. Moreover Bourguiba's popularity is so great that he can afford criticism, let alone open debate. For us, internal freedom is the surest guarantee of our survival in a hostile world."'

But political survival is only half the battle. Will Tunisia maintain its independence only to provide tragic proof of Germaine Tillion's theory – skilfully exploited by the ideologists of *l'Algérie française* – that the victims of the demographic revolution are economically viable only under the tutelage of the western investor -states? Annual population increase, running at over two per cent., is not much less than Algeria itself; 52 per cent. of the population is under 19, and there are no jobs for the new intakes. To maintain even its present national income – around £40 a head – some calculate Tunisia must quadruple its current rate of investment. Where is the money to come from? The government hopes to get $30 million from the US next year. But other sources are drying up; indeed, French capital, like the French settlers, is returning to France. Though Tunisia's refusal to follow the recent devaluation of the franc has allowed her to impose controls on the export of currency, these, as I saw for myself, are totally ineffective. At Tunis airport, customs officials, no doubt for fear of 'political complications', subjected outgoing French citizens to the gentlest of examinations; once at Orly, huge wads of new dinar notes are gleefully produced and transformed into francs.

Moreover, getting the money is only one problem. How is it to be used? Some 750,000 hectares of high-quality land is to be bought from the European settlers and distributed. But what of the three million hectares of peasant holdings, already over-cultivated? The more these farms are mechanised, the quicker the returns diminish. New industry cannot be established without first creating new sources of energy. And even if energy demands are met, what guarantee is there that industry will follow? At present, the most Tunisia can hope to establish are a few agricultural processing plants and light textile factories, which will help to cut down the amount of its imports.

Tunisia will survive, of course – but, as things stand, getting a little poorer each year, a little less able to sustain an independent voice in world affairs. And to those of us who believe that, despite the limitations of the Bourguiba regime, she has still a pivotal role to play, the prospect is disquieting. Nor is Tunisia alone in her predicament. Has not the time come to admit that, in this as in other cases, the responsibilities of the wealthy western nations do not end at independence, but merely begin? Seen from this angle, the fraiities of democracy in these newly sovereign states are not a proof of our own superiority, but a measure of our failures.

Tunis. PAUL JOHNSON

Ten Days that Didn't Shake the World

RECOLLECTED in tranquillity, the recent Macmillan mission to the USSR seems an even more bizarre outing than it did at the time. A large part of its oddity derived from the sheer incongruity of the two principal characters – Macmillan himself and Krushchev. Macmillan looked more than ever as though he had come out of a tattered old volume of the *Forsyte Saga*. Throughout his ten days' visit he remained utterly solemn. For most of the time he wore his Old Etonian tie, and a pin-striped suit. On a visit to a collective farm, however, he appeared in a country ensemble of tweeds and gum-boots, and smoked a pipe. The only joke he made publicly was about how when he got returned to parliament he felt the electoral system was good, and when he got defeated he had doubts about it. This joke, it appears, was used repeatedly during his Commonwealth tour. It was heard in Karachi, as in Sydney. No doubt it will shortly be doing service again in the western hemisphere.

His speeches were likewise bespoke. There were references to how 'across the Steppes the furnace glow of industry beckons to a promised land'. Again, in Kiev, after recalling that, 'in the dark labyrinths of history our paths have crossed – crossed both in love and in war', he went on: 'In subsequent centuries the dashing Cossacks of the Ukraine have captured the imagination of young people in Britain. We have felt that over the broad plains of the Ukraine there ranged the same spirit of self-reliance as over the hedged fields of England.' It was all good vintage material, *Encyclopedia Britannica* checked.

What the Russians made of it, as they heard it interpreted sentence by sentence, I have no idea. Applause was polite rather than strenuous. Probably they just accepted it as part of the act. They are used to interminable speeches of inconceivable tedium, but not to this sort of rhetoric and imagery taken from stock. In any case, the whole appearance and bearing of Macmillan so exactly, in their eyes, type-set him as a bourgeois politician that anything he might do or say only served to heighten the impression. It was as though Krushchev and Bulganin (an unmentioned name throughout the visit) had arrived in England bearded, booted and wearing embroidered shirts, and had at once begun to dance the *Gopak* on Victoria Station.

Krushchev, of course, is as remote from the pages of Galsworthy as he is from Debrett or Burke's *Landed Gentry*. If he is to be found anywhere, it is in Dostoevsky. He has more than a touch, I thought, of old Karamazov – cunning, shrewd, contemptuous, grasping, and yet somehow intriguing and amusing. The earlier presentation of him in the western press as a drunken clown is very wide of the mark. This man is at least as able as Stalin was at the height of his powers, and probably abler. He is in full control

Knight's move, or castle's?

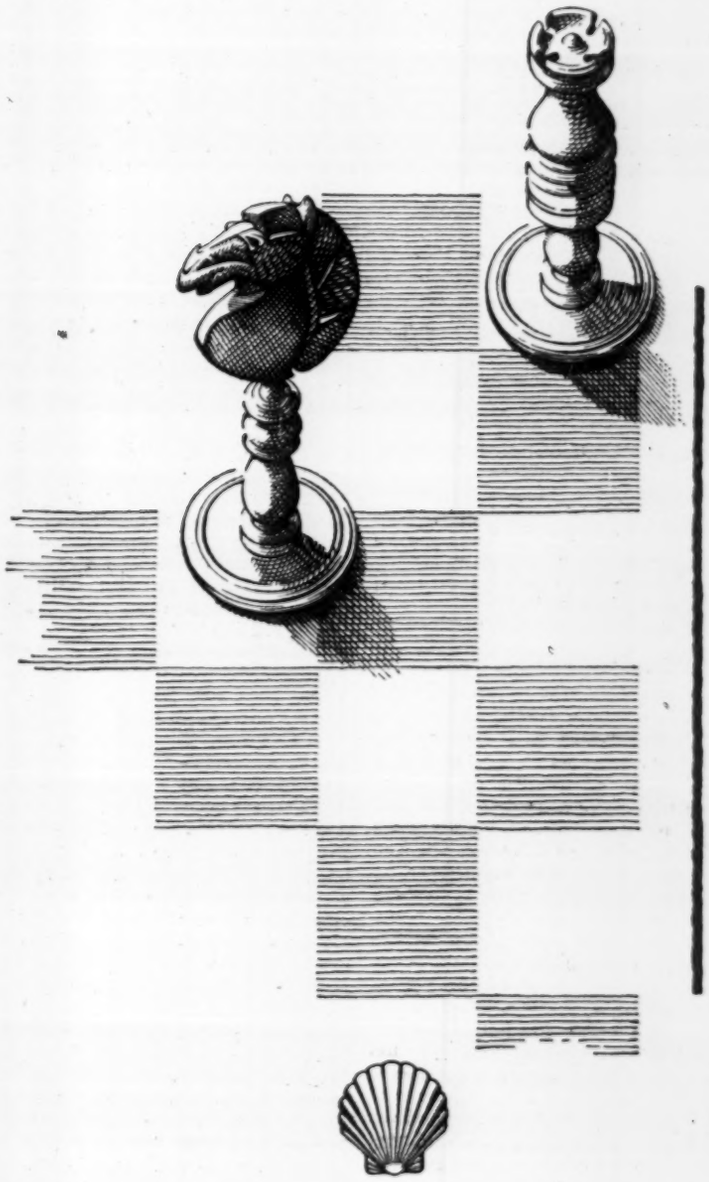
Can Shell be sure? Those who want to make a career in Shell often ask, "Where am I likely to be in 15 years' time?" Geologists, physicists, geophysicists, chemists, engineers, chemical engineers, economists and arts men: they all want to know where they are going to get to.

We may have a pretty shrewd idea, but we cannot always know for certain; partly because things move very fast these days, partly because people change their ideas as they go along.

The aim, however, is to plan a man's career several moves ahead. He may move in a direct line like a Castle. Or he may move like a Knight, sideways and forward. For instance, the chemist, engineer or chemical engineer can move from the operational to the commercial square; the geologist or physicist from exploration to production; the arts man from marketing to the personnel department itself . . . and all towards top management.

And a pawn can always become a Queen.

As the oil industry and the chemicals-from-petroleum industry expand, the variety of moves a man can make is constantly increasing.



this is the world of SHELL

THE SHELL PETROLEUM COMPANY LIMITED · ST HELEN'S COURT · LONDON EC3

of the immense apparatus of Soviet power, with no apparent rival in sight.

Moreover, he has achieved this position without the aid, so far, of purges or overt terrorism. Having achieved it, he has not required the sort of public adulation and sycophancy for which his predecessor had so voracious an appetite. His footsteps are short and quick. His neck is unusually thick; his features are heavy, and, except when he is animated, immobile, as if carved in some rough, grey stone. His face is more impressive in a front view than in profile – a circumstance of which, according to the photographers, he is well aware. When you ask him a question, he listens attentively, with his head hung down, and then out comes the answer – evasive or to the point, but sharp and often amusing.

It would have been fascinating to know just what he made of Macmillan, if anything. My own impression was that, after their first encounters, when he realised that Macmillan had no serious proposals to make, he treated the whole affair as a bit of a joke – again rather like old Karamazov when he visited the Monastery and so disconcerted Alyosha. A good speech, he said to me, should have pepper and salt in it. Pepper-and-salt treatment was certainly what Macmillan got. He and his retinue were chivvied around, alternately tripped up and slapped on the back, rather as, in *The Tempest*, were Trinculo and his ribald companions on Prospero's instructions. There were some memorable moments. I shall never forget Macmillan at Moscow University standing under a huge red banner which proclaimed: 'Welcome to the Glorious Red Army', and looking so like the chairman of the governors at a school speech-day that I fully expected him to ask for a day's holiday.

The entertainment provided was ponderously Victorian in character, as is the Soviet style. At the Kremlin reception, for instance, there was a musical interlude – male artistes in tails and white ties, female ones in antique evening gowns, and all scraping away at fiddles in a conservatoire manner of half a century ago. The invariable practice, whether at government or embassy parties, is for a table to be erected as a barricade behind which Soviet and diplomatic Big Brass are admitted, along with any journalists who can masquerade as such. The rest of the guests crowd together as near to the barricade-table as they can get, and stare across it.

This arrangement lacks elegance, but satisfies curiosity. Then, at a certain moment, the barricade gets rushed, and one sees Krushchev's stony head bobbing about in a sea of bodies all struggling to push a little nearer to him. I discussed the spectacle with Dr Kapitza – an enchanting man whom it was a great pleasure to meet, and who was full of nostalgic memories of Cambridge in the Twenties. As we surveyed the Big Brass eating and conversing, he said that cattle and diplomats are the only creatures who eat standing. He also said (having himself been invited to cross the barricade, but declined) that a good principle in life is to keep as far away from the boss as possible, and as near as possible to the kitchen, and when in doubt to go to sleep.

The social and sight-seeing part of the visit must have been very exhausting for Macmillan. He had, for instance, to sit through three ballets, not to mention a minute inspection of an atomic station, halls of culture, art galleries, and other manifestations of Soviet scientific and artistic endeavour. The ballets were, as spectacles, very fine, but moved at a leaden pace. I myself found one act of the one at the Bolshoi, and a quarter of an hour of the one at Leningrad quite sufficient. In his talks with Krushchev Macmillan perhaps got something of his own back. It may well have been heartache rather than toothache which had led Krushchev to cancel the trip to Kiev. Macmillan, it appears, nowadays goes in for Churchillian *tours d'horizon*. These, even when undertaken by the maestro himself, evoked occasional cries of distress from Roosevelt, and induced Stalin to think of other things. From Macmillan they must be exceedingly painful. There is even an occasional, clearly perceptible Churchillian note in his intonation. Perhaps MacWinston might now be tried instead of MacWonder.

We journalists were incarcerated in the Hotel Ukraine, a recently constructed, multi-storied (sky-scraper is not a permissible usage in Moscow) building of inconceivable architectural hideousness. The stairway was locked, so that one had to use the lift even in going from one floor to the next. This might involve a wait of up to a quarter of an hour. Along the corridors typewriters tapped, and voices could be heard bawling into long-distance telephones. By the end of the visit we were as hoarse as after an election campaign. Our contact with the British delegation, such as it was, was through three characters who sometimes met us separately and sometimes together – Messrs. Hope, Evans and Bennett. When they sat all three together on a sofa they looked, I thought, like a firm of solicitors, or perhaps stockbrokers. Hope was the senior partner, Evans knew the ropes, and Bennett was a junior partner who had only recently come into the business.

As they had virtually no information to impart (apart from the menus at dinners and luncheons, the size of the bookcase presented to Krushchev, cyclostyled copies of Macmillan's speeches – all, for me, collector's pieces) our sessions with them were more diverting than instructive. Hope's manner was ingratiating. One almost expected, after his ministrations, to find oneself signing a hire-purchase agreement for a new refrigerator. Evans adopted more the nod and wink technique – 'You know how it is, old man. . . . '. Bennett scarcely uttered. An early foray with the photographers seemed to have knocked the stuffing out of him.

Our contact with the Soviet side was in Room 310, where I made the acquaintance of a really delightful Russian, of youthful appearance, named Vladimir. His attitude was from the beginning hilarious, and became more so as the visit proceeded. Macmillan's television appearance provided a comic turn of unique quality – especially his reference to the number of bicycles manufactured in the United Kingdom. The idea that millions of Muscovites listened spellbound to particulars of this and other like majestic achievements struck Vladimir (and I confess myself) as irresistibly funny. There are, I have been credibly informed, only some four million TV sets in the whole USSR, and Macmillan's discourse was telecast, unannounced, only in Moscow, and not relaid on sound radio. My last sight of Vladimir was on the train from Leningrad to Moscow. Mikoyan before leaving, had delivered a speech, and Vladimir was deputed to find out what he said. He went along to Mikoyan's compartment, and when he returned called for silence. Mikoyan had, he said, gone over his speech with him, but unfortunately, on the way back, he had forgotten it. All he could remember was that Mikoyan had quoted the old English proverb, 'Leave and Let Leave'. It seemed a suitable, if somewhat surrealist, comment on the whole episode.

What did it all add up to? Few will agree with me when I say that, in my view, it was a diplomatic Suez – an effort on the part of the Conservatives to show that they were capable of an independent diplomatic initiative, as, at Suez, they tried to show that they were capable of an independent military initiative. In each case, the outcome could only be a fiasco – though this, of course, does not preclude electoral popularity. No Conservative Prime Minister can engage in independent diplomacy. He is tethered to Washington, and can graze but not wander. Like the Windmill girls, he is permitted to display himself. But on the condition that he does not move.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

Information, Please

ADVERTISERS are agreed that advertisements should not be misleading. By this they mean that advertisements should not, either literally or by implication, tell lies. To say that a product will make you more beautiful or more popular or more prosperous does not, however, count as a lie; it is on verifiable facts, not an extremely high degree of probability, that the advertisers take their stand. I suggest that advertisers should adopt a positive, not a negative attitude to verifiable facts and regard as misleading any advertisement which does not give sufficient relevant verifiable information about goods.

This does not go beyond what many advertisers already claim. Independent consumer guidance – i.e., journals, quality marks, labelling, etc. – is, they say, unnecessary because advertising already provides adequate information about goods. Advertising is certainly in a unique position to give information to the widest possible number of people because of its command of mass media. Hardly ever does it do so. I take for a typical text four advertisements for stockings, three from a woman's magazine, one from a Sunday newspaper.

The first shows a photograph of a stocking and a scarf. The entire letterpress runs *'Christian Dior.* Stockings. Scarves'. No information is given about prices, sizes, leg-lengths, colours, deniers, gauges, or types (e.g., stretch, mesh, etc.).

The next is for *Berkshire* stockings. It stresses that these stockings are so protected at top and toe that no ladder will run down from top or up from toe. This is useful information (though most Marks and Spencer stockings have a similar feature). But no information is given on prices, sizes, leg-lengths, colours, deniers, gauges or types.

Next, *Aristoc.* They provide the information that their stockings are 15-denier and name five kinds of stockings with a price for each. One name is informative: Sheer Stretch. Two are insufficiently informative: what is the difference between Mirelle Mesh at 11s. 6d. and Mesh Vivette at 8s. 11d.? Two names, Ascot and Vivette, are totally uninformative. There is no information on sizes, leg-lengths, colours, or gauges.

Lastly, an advertisement by Marshall and Snelgrove for their Stocking Week. Eight brands are named: in each case the information provided includes price (compared with usual unreduced price), sizes, colours, deniers and types. This last, which provides an adequate basis for the shopper to make a choice in the light of money available and personal tastes and needs, is a retailer's advertisement, of which there are now fewer and fewer. More and more advertising is done by manufacturers, which means that the shopper cannot hope to find, in any single advertisement the material on which to make comparisons between brands (or, incidentally, to know what choice is available at which shops). What we can surely expect of manufacturers' advertisements is that they should provide the factual information relevant to their own goods. What they in fact mostly do is to substitute

for information attempts to shape our personal tastes and needs.

This they do by means of emotive language and presentation totally unrelated to verifiable facts. This is the approach of poetry, religion and love. Indeed, the apparent purpose of most advertising is to make shopping a surrogate for poetry, religion and love, just as a glass of beer, according to William James, was the unlettered man's substitute for symphony concerts and literature. (The other day, in an advertisement on commercial television, I saw a girl kiss a packet of frozen cod.)

But goods are not the Good. They are objects capable of factual descriptions and are bought for money. Attempts to form habits and taste for purposes of profit are obnoxious. And I suggest that the advertisers' code should condemn as misleading all advertisements which fail to provide appropriate factual information about the goods proffered – of what made, of what performance, what quantity or size for what price.

If advertising involved giving factual information to the public in interesting, attractive and amusing ways, one might guess that most copywriters would find their jobs more socially valuable and emotionally satisfactory than they seem to at present; and that facts can be made interesting, attractive and amusing, even on television, is shown by the success of *Facts and Figures*.

If it be argued that adequately informative advertising would show that most competition is illusory, most goods not worth buying, and that our economy can be sustained only by making shopping an emotional rather than a reasoned activity, then we cannot evade the responsibility of considering whether the society we want is one whose structure depends on making people respond emotionally to situations for which reason is the more appropriate instrument.

MARGHANITA LASKI

The Arts and Entertainment

Dallapiccola

WITH a frank and almost naive simplicity that is by no means rare in him, the Italian composer Luigi Dallapiccola once wrote: 'Mussolini's death was the happiest day of my life'. With Dallapiccola, the idea of liberty has always been an important preoccupation. It has inspired him to write three major works: the *Canti di Prigionia*, the opera *Il Prigioniero*, and the *Canti di Liberazione*. The first two are already known in England, and now, after the British premiere of the *Canti di Liberazione* on the Third Programme on 28 February, we can view the triptych as a whole. Does it present a meaningful unity, or are its parts as remote from one another as Picasso's *Guernica* is from his Unesco mural?

The earlier set of *Canti* was composed between 1939 and 1941, but it did not reach an international audience until the ISCM Festival in London in 1946. Although the work is no masterpiece, one can see why it caused such a stir at the time. Its obviously noble intentions – underlined by the portentous use of the Dies Irae – perhaps discouraged critical evaluation; and its deliberately desultory use of a 12-note series was just the thing to comfort the nervous. People who believe that systems are a threat to inspiration are always inclined to confuse structural weakness with spiritual strength.

Il Prigioniero, the centrepiece of the triptych,

"If only I'd known it was on,

You have probably said that at one time or another.
Perhaps it was when you read the reviews of Granada's special shows like HOMOSEXUALITY AND THE LAW, INSANITY OR ILLNESS? THOU SHALT NOT KILL, and the weekly programme WE WANT AN ANSWER

I'd have watched it!"

Might we suggest you enter in your diary
Granada's new fortnightly Feature – Searchlight
ITV March 16th at 10.15 pm

Searchlight is thrown on **THE REPAIRS MUDDLE.** There are more than 45 million electrical appliances in British homes, enough to support a prosperous repairs industry. But when breakdowns occur, can the customer always rely on getting good service at a fair price?

GRANADA TV

is greatly superior to its predecessor. This success is not only due to the normal development of the composer's powers. It owes something to the contact with Italian operatic tradition (from Verdi to Puccini) and derives impetus from its origins in de l'Isle Adam's 'La Torture par l'Esperance'.

The *Canti di Liberazione*, composed between 1952 and 1956, dispense almost entirely with the rhapsodic and operatic manner which distinguishes *Il Prigioniero*, and attempt something much more rigorously controlled. It is conceivable that a mind which so innocently and so appealingly accepted the symbolism of Mussolini's death would also associate the problems of liberty and constraint in society with the problems specific to artistic expression. At any rate, Dallapiccola has shown, both in his music and his writings, that he is very much concerned with the conflicting claims of heart (romantic freedom) and mind (classical discipline). This leads to a certain self-consciousness about his status as a '12-note' composer: he ends one of his likeable and sensitive autobiographical articles with the explanation that he had written it 'with the hope of convincing people that even a composer very much in sympathy with the 12-note technique is not a person detached from life'. One would have thought that the work of Schoenberg and Berg was already a sufficient demonstration of this.

Even though one must sympathise with the special circumstances of Dallapiccola's Italian background, the continued evidence of artistic insecurity throughout his career is worrying. Of course, only the greatest masters or the greatest fools or the supremely stupid are immune from questionings of this kind. For the rest, moments of self-doubt and re-examination are a necessary function of the creative conscience. In this respect, Dallapiccola's occasional falterings are more valuable than the nonchalant assurance and apt time-serving of certain of his flashier contemporaries. But the ordinary listener is rightly concerned with the effect, not the cause. In Dallapiccola's music, one of the effects of insecurity (or so it seems to my ears) is, in fact, attributable to the composer's concern for this 'ordinary listener'. I am thinking of such things as the Dies Irae quotation in the earlier *Canti*, the quotation of another plainchant phrase in *Job* (which will shortly be broadcast by the BBC), and above all the use of the hackneyed BACH motif in the *Songs of Liberation*. Now the BACH motif has, for good reason, been a favourite with composers since Bach used it, and because of its adaptability to modern chromatic harmony, it has become a serviceable cliché. Only Schoenberg's dramatic application of it in his Orchestral Variations or, at the opposite extreme, Webern's 'dissolution' of it in his String Quartet, keep it alive for us as a musical gesture. In the *Canti di Liberazione* its forceful appearance seems factitious and melodramatic. No amount of serial justification can disguise this. The symbol is unconvincing because it is presented as a familiar object rather than as a logical outcome of the work's imagery. The failure is all the more evident because the BACH motif is one of the many fragments in the *Canti* which originate in the charming piano work Dallapiccola wrote for his daughter in 1952, the *Quaderno Musicale di Annalibera*. In the *Quaderno*, and in the masterly orchestration of it known as the Variations for Orchestra, the BACH motif is diffused in shadows. The effect is simple and poetic. But in the *Canti* the same motif is hurled at us triple forte by the brass. It lands as lifeless as a human cannonball that has been fired too high.

'Aiming high' is indeed a characteristic of Dallapiccola's procedures in the *Canti*. It would be understandable, though mistaken, if the composer now looked back on the success of *Il Prigioniero* with a certain amount of embarrassment. It was not his fault that he should have been credited with 'humanising' 12-note technique in that opera – as if any technique had a life of its own. Yet, in contemplating the examples of Schoenberg, and Webern, he could well have wondered if the success of the opera may not have been too 'easy'. He might have argued to himself that the 'freedom' of an artist in relation to a technical discipline is only complete when he is equally free – that is to say, equally able – to submit himself to that discipline in all its rigours. Such a line of thought would explain why so many of Dallapiccola's works since *Il Prigioniero* have the character of studies. This is certainly true of the more advanced pieces in the *Quaderno Musicale*. It is noticeable that when the rather amorphous counterpoint of parts of the *Quaderno Musicale* is transcribed for orchestra, Dallapiccola's impressionist orchestration tends to disguise the contrapuntal texture. The gymnast no longer wishes to exercise in public. Consequently, the sense of movement is almost entirely suspended. In the short, self-contained pieces which make up the *Quaderno Musicale Variations*, these 'static' interludes are not without point. But in the larger forms of the *Canti* they are apt to result in a loss of tension and, indeed, of interest.

Not only the contrapuntal passages tend to lose meaning when transferred to the *Canti*. The beautiful little cantilena which concludes the *Quaderno* emerges as a broad melody for strings in the middle of the opening Canto. But here it seems stylistically inconsistent because the total form of the Canto is not strong enough, despite the new justification of the text, to sustain the event. Fortunately, failures of this kind are not the rule. In the second Canto, which is a powerful setting of a passage from Exodus, Dallapiccola extensively develops material which had not been thoroughly worked out in the *Quaderno*. The contrast with those passages in the first and third Canti where he merely quotes directly from the *Quaderno* is very striking. The second Canto has genuine momentum, and even though the introduction of a second idea from the *Quaderno* causes a slight relapse towards the centre, the recovery by way of a superb percussion solo is complete, and the overall form is convincing, or at least it should be. But the BBC singers had clearly not been given the time, or indeed the encouragement, to develop confidence about the notes or the rhythms. With the exception of certain vocal passages which do not free themselves from the instrumental conception of the *Quaderno* and the Variations, the choral writing is by no means as unvocal as the BBC performance might suggest. Unfortunately, the easiest things, such as the unaccompanied writing in the third Canto, are not always the best.

Everything suggests that the *Canti di Liberazione* represent a major creative effort on Dallapiccola's part. If they seem at this stage to be inferior to *Il Prigioniero* and even to their humbler relative the Variations for Orchestra, it would obviously be an impertinence to give a final judgment on the basis of the recent BBC performance. Dallapiccola undoubtedly remains the most important Italian composer to have emerged since the death of Busoni. As with Busoni, his speculative intelligence may sometimes lead him into difficulties. But his willingness to take risks and to explore does him the greatest credit. If he were a lesser man he would be content with a narrow Italian nationalism, or worse still, a diffuse cosmopolitanism. But self-discipline is not always the way to self-knowledge; it may only be the way to self-punishment. It would be a pity if the understandable attractions of a Webern-like classicism were to induce Dallapiccola to suppress his essentially romantic bent. The magnetism of Central European culture is one which every Italian composer since Verdi has had to face. Alone amongst his compatriots, Dallapiccola is capable of comprehending it.

DAVID DREW

Which side is your bread buttered?

PEOPLE who know which side their bread is buttered are alert and worldly-wise, the wide boys, the go-getters. Presumably we are to picture the others, the dreamy visionaries, gazing bemusedly at the two halves of a sandwich, wondering which side faces which.

But the important thing to note is that we don't for a moment picture the dreamers with no bread at all. Bread is an item of the most saintly and ascetic diet, when its only table companion may be water. Hermits insisted on it, even if stale.

A minimum of worldly wisdom dictates bread. And those latter day anchorites, the scientists, tell us why. Bread and flour provide more energy, more protein, more iron and more of the two important vitamins B_1 and niacin, than any other single food*. So although bread is the cheapest basic food you can get, it is also the best, in terms of food value per penny. See your family gets plenty—good and *fresh*.

* *National Food Survey Committee Report, 1956 (page 133) published by H.M.S.O. In 1956, bread and flour provided, in the average diet, 24·7% of the energy; 26·3% of the protein; 26·9% of the Vitamin B_1; 24·2% of niacin; 23% of the iron.*

Note:—*All flour contains—per 100 grams of flour:* Vitamin B_1—*not less than 0·24 milligrams.* Niacin—*not less than 1·60 milligrams.* Iron—*not less than 1·65 milligrams.*

ISSUED BY THE FLOUR ADVISORY BUREAU, 21 ARLINGTON STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

Cannibals and Kings

THIS year the Lyric, Hammersmith, is making a strong bid to provide the most interesting drama in London. The 59 Theatre Company has followed up its excellent production of *Danton's Death* with Strindberg's *Creditors* (professionally performed in England only three times before) and Otway's version of Molière, *The Cheats of Scapin*, which has not been aired, apparently, since 1812. It is as though the company had undertaken to educate the London audiences by doing all the important plays no one else will tackle. No doubt they will lose money in the attempt, but it is good to know that there is at least one talented company with imagination enough to put on serious and often unappealing work.

Strindberg's *Creditors* is about as tough as any play comes. It demands an enormous amount both of the actors – odd moments apart, there are never more than two on stage – and of the audience. It is a kind of modern *Revenger's Tragedy* in which the usual Strindberg themes of marriage, second marriage and misogyny are stretched to breaking point. Adolf (Lyndon Brook), a vacillating, crippled artist, is the second husband of the eternal Strindberg vampire, Tekla (Mai Zetterling). She

has sucked the life out of him to feed her own common little talent as a novelist. Her virile first husband (Michael Gough), who has been through the same mill and survived, returns to take his revenge. While Tekla is away, he wins Adolf over to his cause by arguing him out of love and into epilepsy; and then, when she returns, by all but seducing her while poor Adolf listens in the next room. The three are bound together in their love-hatred by a kind of emotional cannibalism (Strindberg's word). And the rites are performed on the stage before us.

It is a savage piece and the actors have risen to it splendidly. But somehow it doesn't quite come over. It may be because the acting is merely very good, where the play demands nothing less than superlative performances. There is so much of Strindberg's personal intensity to be implied between the lines. Mr Gough, for example, is as clear, strong and remorseless as one could wish, but he does not quite have that element of hypnotic power that so fascinated the author. It is the same with Mr Brook: he is weak and pathetic right enough, but he is also a bit sheepish. His Adolf is simply a wreck of a man, with no flicker of life or vindictiveness to show what he had been. Of the three, Miss Zetterling has most range. One is so used to seeing her rely on her wistful refugee charm that her sudden shift to a kind of opulent brutality is extraordinarily effective. But for all the changes she rings on these two octaves, the cajoling and the harsh, her Tekla is never much more than a vain, ruthless bitch, whereas she should be all that *and* heaven too.

It is churlish to complain because the acting is excellent instead of great, for the fault fundamentally is the play's. Despite Mr Michael Meyer's beautifully lucid translation, *Creditors* is, in the final analysis, a bit of a bore. It doesn't matter that the burning issues of the 1880s have gone cold; realism, atheism, determinism, marital intercourse, heredity and environment are no longer particularly shocking in themselves. And without the shock the only moving force that remains is Strindberg's compulsive misogyny. And mania becomes, after a little, boring. His voice rasps on and on until it grows simply monotonous, like some terrible masochistic diary. Strindberg was an immensely powerful writer, but he was forever analysing the sources of his power instead of using it on some more impersonal theme. Keats suggested that the basis of Shakespeare's genius was his 'negative capability'; but, someone once remarked, there is a critical difference between that and positive incapacity. There is no better proof of this maxim than *Creditors*.

The Cheats of Scapin is a tiresome piece of contrivance about helpless young fops and an omniscient manservant. It is largely an opportunity for Mr Harold Lang to show his paces as the Seventeenth Century Jeeves. Mr Lang must be one of the hardest working actors on the English stage: he leaps about, rants, schemes, cajoles, puts on accent after accent in a kind of rock-'n'-roll frenzy. At one point, he was literally foaming at the mouth. He is so animated, in fact, that he hardly has time to be comic. I had an uneasy feeling that at any moment the whole balloon might go bang and he would be left, collapsed and weeping, in a corner of the stage. But it didn't. Messrs Patrick Wymark and Peter Sallis kept the piece steady by some genial bullying, while Miss Etain O'Dell stood by looking slightly surprised. In the end, everyone joined in a triumphant dance and lived happily ever after. But it was a nerve-racking example of theatrical Brinksmanship.

London without a Crazy Gang show is like the streets without buses; it seems against nature. Mercifully, the order of things has now been

"If only I'd known it was on,

You have probably said that at one time or another.
Perhaps it was when you read the reviews of Granada's plays,
like ALL MY SONS, A MEMORY OF TWO MONDAYS, GARDEN OF LONELINESS, or NO FIXED ABODE

I'd have watched it!"

Might we suggest you enter in your diary
Granada's next play
ITV March 17th at 8.30 pm

The Skin of Our Teeth by THORNTON WILDER will introduce to television drama **MISS VIVIEN LEIGH.** You will also see George Devine, Margaret Rawlings, Ruth Dunning, David McCallum, Perlita Nielson. Thornton Wilder's famous comedy is a saga of the human race, as represented by George Antrobus, his wife, and two children, and their general utility maid Sabina.

GRANADA TV

restored: they are back at the Victoria Palace with a new show, *Clown Jewels*. 'New Show,' of course, is misleading. The Crazy Gang are eternal; only the spectacle they trail after them changes. This one is conventionally transatlantic: everyone sings in the obligatory stage-American accent, except for Rosita, a little nymphet-like Spaniard, whom the bandleader introduced as 'Lolita'—or so it sounded where I was sitting. But if I misheard, that may be the effect of the Gang. They are not great wits and their slapstick, by the ruthless standard of modern pantos, is mild; but they have a contagious comic presence which gives an aura of suggestiveness to everything they do and say. Bud Flanagan can imply more in the word 'Puddin'' than the most efficient team of gag-writers could dream up in an eternity of conferences. All the Crazy Gang are well into their sixties, one at least is over seventy. They have been at their warm-hearted indecency for 28 years. But they still reign supreme.

A. ALVAREZ

Free Cinema

FLU has rendered me almost incapable; but not before I was able to enjoy a preview of Free Cinema, sixth and last of the series, to be shown at the National Film Theatre from 18-22 March. One thing at least is sure: Free Cinema comes to an end, but not from any falling off in aim, inspiration or vigour. Michael Grigsby's 20-minute *Enginemen* gives a wonderful close-up of the great machines and the men tending them; the white smoke streaming across a sombre morning; an engine revolving slowly on a turntable; another raked out over deep pits; at last the articulated wheels begin to turn. For the men they are more than machines, and the older among them don't look forward to the Diesel. This grave, beautiful poem—it is no less—gains immeasurably from the genial or stumbling words of the men. It communicates both a vision and a job.

Karel Reisz's *We Are the Lambeth Boys* brings us a Youth Club in Lambeth, boys and girls between the ages of 14 and 17. The best way to convey its effect is to say that it isn't so much about them, it *is* them. The art needed to achieve spontaneity, not at rare moments but for the greater part of a film running fifty minutes, can well be imagined; and its accumulative effect here through club nights, fish and chip shops, a Saturday jive, the annual cricketing jaunt to Mill Hill, works like a charm. A batsman brushes away an imaginary speck on the asphalt pitch; girls squawk like peacocks; boys show off or hang back; they clamour, argue, cling together in the common life after school or factory hours; each a fresh, live contact. Since he sketched a similar thing in *Momma Don't Allow* Karel Reisz has gained enormously, both in confidence and skill. Walter Lassally's camera work, of course, is a delight.

And although this is the end of Free Cinema, there's no reason why the impulse shouldn't go on. *We Are the Lambeth Boys* is the second of a series *Look at Britain* (*Every Day Except Christmas* being the first) sponsored by the Ford Motor Company. May we hope that it will go far, and that the example will be followed by other firms?

We learn only by opposition, and lack in this country any school of film-making such as exists in Poland. Two programmes from the Polish Film School (National Film Theatre between 11 March and 15 March) make a fascinating study of individual growth under the collective ideal.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"A programme that will draw every true film-lover."
WILLIAM WHITEBAIT in the NEW STATESMAN

JEAN GABIN
PIERRE FRESNAY · ERIC von STROHEIM
in
JEAN RENOIR'S
LA GRANDE ILLUSION (A)
AND
MARCH to ALDERMASTON (U)
AT THE
ACADEMY CINEMA
Oxford Street · GER 2981

Read JOHN OSBORNE
in the current issue of ENCORE
2/- from all booksellers or 10/- for 6 issues from 25 Howland Street, London, W.1.

Armstrong

BUSINESS is slack in the world of British jazz, and yet the air is abnormally full of activities and plans. Perhaps this unusual energy is due to the obstinate refusal of the jazz-players to drown in the waves of teen-age drivel which engulf them. (Has there ever been a time when, as today, the musicians recording a prospective hit are actually *instructed* to play out of tune?) Fortunately we have with us the one man who has always represented the ideal of successful entertainment which is also self-respecting art. All that is worth saying about the great Louis Armstrong has long since been said. We need merely welcome him once again, and with special fervour, 59 years old, managing his strength like an elderly fighter, and still capable of blowing the *Basin Street Blues* with the precision and compassion of the recording angel. His present tour is a distinct improvement on that of 1956, though some changes in his group are not for the better. But at bottom everyone must feel in his presence what Leonard Bernstein expressed: that we are in the presence of genius, of a dedicated man, and are honoured.

Armstrong keeps the banner of the popular arts flying; others retreat into the fortress of the *avant-garde*. The three *Lambert Singers*, who came over briefly from San Francisco to perform at a sadly empty Christian Action jazz concert, are a highbrow *jeu d'esprit*. They translate big band arrangements into vocal terms, garnish them with light verse, and sing them with fantastic brilliance. The best way to explain them to older aficionados is to say they are the Mills Brothers restyled for the egghead market. They make a superb cabaret act, a joy to the musicians who catch all their allusions, but basically light entertainment. One of them, Miss Annie Ross—a fiendishly gifted British export to the USA—could, if she tried, be the Piaf or Greco of the beat generation; but not within this framework.

I have comparable reservations about last Sunday's Third Programme collaboration between Pablo Neruda/Christopher Logue (poetry) and Tony Kinsey (jazz). I am just not convinced that poetry will cease to be 'private' because it is recited against modern jazz. Mr Bob Rolontz's conclusion about the American jazz-poetry sessions (in the excellent new *Jazz Review* of New York) is also mine: 'Maybe it should have been sung'. But the Logue-Kinsey experiment was justified, not only because the poetry is very good, but because jazz is an expressionist music, which has long specialised in bringing out the poetic value of words: in the blues, in the pop 'ballads', in the accompanied monologues of Jelly-Roll Morton and Big Bill Broonzy. Its possibilities must be explored, and though I feel that the Logue-Kinsey expedition picked an unnecessarily difficult route for its reconnaissance, the results are worthwhile. Two of the settings at least were successful. The sooner the BBC gives them another chance, the better; but neither it nor Mr Logue should forget that there are other first-rate jazz musicians—Dankworth and Kenny Graham, for instance, and Sandy Brown, who has actually, I gather, set some Donne poems to music—who ought to try their hands at this game. And it is worth remembering that we can still learn from the technique which turns Bessie Smith's 'When I wasn't nothing but a child' or 'Now that I am growing old' into definitive poetic statements.

The Londoner, if he wants the jazz without the words, is likely to be well served in future. The *Downbeat* (20 Old Compton Street) has just engaged Alan Clare, a pianist greatly underrated except by the musicians who use this joint as an off-duty reporting point. There should be some good music. Reece, Seamen and Thompson, potentially the best modern group in the country, are together again for the first of what they hope will be a regular series at the *Satire* (Duke of York Street) this Sunday at eight. Wally Fawkes opens *Trog's Jazz Club* at the Six Bells (King's Road) on Monday, and the splendid pianist Lennie Felix can now be heard nightly in the *Lyttelton Club* (100 Oxford Street). For how long? The aficionados should listen while they can.

FRANCIS NEWTON

Round the Market

WADDINGTON: Recent landscapes and still-lives by Henri Hayden, born 1883 and one-time Cubist. At first sight naive pictures. At second and third sight the work of a very mature and poetic painter—particularly in the landscapes. In these the colours wash the scene until it is pure: pure as contentment. Irony: these canvases are at least 50 per cent cheaper than Hayden's early cubist paintings. Rarity is more expensive than peace of mind.

REDFERN: Yachts, boats, cyclists, musicians, horses by Roger Levsy, a young French painter. Semi-cubist in manner. In mood heroic. The rise and fall of forms in movement. But, mostly, over-agitated. So far, a cubism learnt by the hand rather than the mind.

WILDENSTEIN: Closed down for redecoration. Sensitive and highly original whitewash marks on the shop window. Suggest that the Tate buys the plate glass whole. Later the price may go up.

ROLAND BROWSE AND DELBANCO: Flowery glades by Norman Adams. Obviously serious in intention but nebulous in effect. Upstairs: this gallery's late entry for the Gadarene stakes—abstract expressionism by Bernard Kay.

O'HANA: Paintings of Roman youths and girls by Anna Salvatore, an Italian realist. Drawing without searching equals illustration. Her graphic work is far better. Out at the back: portraits in bronze by Nikolai Tregor. Just the man for the generals. Those already done include Franco, Eisenhower and Sikorski.

GIMPEL FILS: Messes of paint by James Hull for

which titles of *Bat, Rhino, Man* seem interchangeable. Canvases of minimum content by Lin Show-Yu. A canvas divided horizontally into a red strip, a black strip and another red one, was painted – according to the catalogue – on 14 July 1958. The Tricolour stands for more.

ZWEMMER: Urban scenes by Alfred Daniels. Like stage-sets. Observation of fences and chimneys, but none of people. The method (derived from Ben Shahn) must be satirical or it is nothing.

TATE: 80 canvases of *The New American Painting*. The most comprehensive show of action painting to come here. Analyses as made before still apply. You can read all about it, according to the apologists, in the catalogue. What you won't read is that here is great talent made meaningless. One of the most dramatic examples of a society strangling its young.

LEICESTER: Landscapes and figures – several from China – by Denis Mathews. It is difficult to paint as rationally as this today. But I wish some of the works were fresher: they give the impression sometimes of having been worked up from sketches and drawings which are much livelier. Also water-scenes, rockpools, reflections, etc., by Henry Inlander. Fragile images full of suggestions and darting associations. Evocation not statement.

KAPLAN: Early paintings by Martin Bloch. Uneven. But the best suggest what he finally achieved as an elderly man.

LEFEVRE: Still-lives and landscapes by Anne Redpath – How does one describe, in a few words, slight but fine poetic works made like pot-pourris? Fall back on the adjective 'feminine'? Such are the absurd limitations of short-time journalism.

And such is the round. Between every gallery I ask myself: am I jaundiced? Can I no longer recognise quality? Have I abstracted myself into the chill realm of perfectionism? Then I read the cocktail-cherry opinions that pass for art criticism, I look at the dealers following their red stars and the public being led by their nose for the latest; I see a luxury trading house with the students selling on the street outside – they are better off in the street but soon they will be in the Emporium; I notice on every side the results of a refusal to connect so that, as the introduction to the American exhibition proudly declares 'John Donne to the contrary, each man is an island' – and all this is so far from what happens when Hayden uses his eyes, or when Denis Mathews struggles to produce an art with content, or when Anne Redpath looks at a vase of flowers, that I believe my intransigence is justified. The contrast between the effort of the art and the traffic of the trade should make revolutionaries of nearly all concerned. But it doesn't because revolutions don't begin in luxury trades. Meanwhile the most one can do is to analyse in depth when possible, to explain, to connect, to find the positive example wherever one can, and mostly to ignore the small changes rung up on the tills of Bond Street.

JOHN BERGER

Demi-Supermac

MR MACMILLAN'S television speech to the peoples of the Soviet Union, or to as many of them as have TV sets (under the old 5-year plan, it was to be 12 million sets by 1960), was an extraordinary event: what could any statesman not give for the opportunity of talking directly in this way to the people of a country with whose rulers he was negotiating? The thing is without precedent in the long history of psychological warfare: leaflet raids are like bows-and-arrows compared with it.

Since neither Nielsen nor TAM ratings have yet established a Moscow branch office, we do not know how many Russians actually watched this exotic discourse – the man from Mars and his well-groomed interpreter sitting quietly side by side and explaining how things were in the visitor's home planet. Few Britons will have seen it in full either: it was broadcast with minimal publicity, after a goodish *Boyd QC* at 10.45 p.m. on Tuesday, by ITV only. The BBC, apparently taking the view that the visit had been covered sufficiently and that this speech was old fur hat, stuck to the advertised schedule and gave us the jaunty light jazz of *That Old Black Magic*.

What the Prime Minister said was mostly unexceptionable, though I don't suppose the Russians made much more of it than Robin Day did, a week or two back, of the Soviet voting system. It was shrewd to display, without boastfulness, the British genius for discovery: radar, penicillin, television itself. From the translation one could hear that the English name, like football, bar, and WC, had been internationalised. No doubt those who helped to draft the speech were aware of the Soviet ten-year school system; so Mr Macmillan said: 'We provide free full-time education for all children for ten years, from five to fifteen'. (*All* children: no mention of Eton.)

In future, however, when statesmen travel abroad, their entourage will have to include their TV grooms. Unbecoming lighting emphasised the pallor and fatigue of Mr Macmillan's face, and he seemed to have forgotten some of the lessons in which he has been so painstakingly coached: that unappealing withdrawal of the upper lip, which gives the effect of a snarl, had returned; so had those curious movements of the mouth at sentence-endings, '. . . how to combine order and freedom' being followed by a pursing of the lips to one side, an allusion to man's spiritual destiny

What about a tyg in the snug?

THE ORIGIN of the word 'tyg' is unknown even to the compilers of the Oxford Dictionary. It means a drinking cup, or bowl, with two or more handles. 'Snug', of course, is short for 'snuggery'; it is probably the cosiest room of all in which to enjoy the best long drink in the world.

Beer

the best long drink in the world!

ISSUED BY THE BREWERS' SOCIETY, 42 PORTMAN SQUARE, LONDON, W.1.

by a kind of rolling motion, as though the mouth held a small hot potato or some loose false teeth. During the admittedly difficult waiting periods, while the interpreter translated, Mr Macmillan also had trouble with his hands. . . . On the table-edges? In his lap? He couldn't decide – and this trivial restlessness can distract the viewer's attention from what is being said.

He might also have learned how to pronounce the name of his principal host, whom he twice – perhaps on the analogy of Churchill's Nahzis – called Mr Krushov.

TOM DRIBERG

Italian Opera, at the Royal Festival Hall

The Virtuosi di Roma have been in existence for ten years now, and to celebrate the occasion they presented a couple of programmes of Italian *opera buffa* on the stage of the Festival Hall last week. On the face of it this was a risky venture: the eighteenth-century opera-composer wrote for a pretty easy-going audience, one that felt free to chatter, flirt and pay calls at all but the most important moments; consequently neither the music nor the action demands the rapt attention we nowadays try to give them. Nor is there anywhere in London that has much less of the feel of an eighteenth-century opera-house than the hushed, hygienic spaces of the Festival Hall. It says a great deal for Roman high spirits, then, that these performances proved so enjoyable. The instrumental playing, it goes without saying, was brilliantly polished; Renato Fasano sometimes seems a little too theatrical in his interpretation of Vivaldi concertos, but here, of course, the theatricality was perfectly in place. What was more surprising was to find a cast so uniformly capable of projecting the comedy through their singing. Elena Rizzieri and Sesto Bruscantini have this gift in a special degree, and the next time they appear in London I hope the hall will be full of young English singers learning from their example.

J. N.

The finest hi-fi pick-up in the world

THE DECCA ffss* PICK-UP

for stero and mono LPs and EPs

- low amplitude and intermodulation distortion
- accurate tracking even of inner groove high frequency transients
- negligible cross-talk
- less than 1 milligram tip mass
- 0.0005/75° radius diamond stylus
- negligible record wear

£22 TAX PAID

*f f s s—full frequency stereophonic sound

"It deserves everything good that can be said about it." (Hi-Fi News)

"It is highly recommended without reservation or qualification of any kind." (Record News and Stereo Disc)

DECCA RADIO & TELEVISION

DECCA HOUSE ALBERT EMBANKMENT LONDON S E 11

Correspondence

THE ARREST OF CLUTTON-BROCK

SIR,—The arrest of Guy Clutton-Brock by the Southern Rhodesian government is perhaps the most significant and revealing of all the recent arrests in Central Africa.

Sir Roy Welensky loudly proclaims his adherence to a multi-racial democracy, but Mr Clutton-Brock and his co-workers on the St Faith's Farm Mission have shown by ten years of hard constructive work that they possess the secrets of creating a multi-racial society, for this 12,000-acre estate has been developed into one of the most successful co-operative farming-cum-industry adventures in Africa. That many Africans hold responsible key positions in the scheme proves that the art of racial integration has been grasped. Indeed, this experience convinced Mr Clutton-Brock that Africans are quick to learn and develop if given the chance and are capable of advancing fairly rapidly in every direction, including politically. But racial integration of this order belongs to a very different world from that which Sir Roy Welensky desires to arise in Central Africa. It is significant that the farm manager of this estate, John Mutasi, an African, has also been arrested.

I had the pleasure of meeting Clutton-Brock some three years ago during one of his vacations. This was in a Manchester vicarage where I went specially to discuss with him the prospects of developing well-integrated agro-industrial villages in Central Africa. We also discussed Africa's danger spots, and I was struck by his firm view that Nyasaland was the key to the solution of the racial problem in Central Africa and would become the pivotal point on which Central African politics would largely turn.

We now see how true that is. Southern Rhodesia, where the South African mentality is most powerful, sees clearly that if white domination is to become a reality in Central Africa, Nyasaland must be brought into a Central African Federation, in order to check its social and political development and thus its disturbing effect on the Africans in Southern Rhodesia and also Northern Rhodesia.

This situation brings to mind the parallel case of East Africa when, 30 years ago, white Kenya made a last bold attempt to prolong its domination by extending Kenya rule to Uganda and Tanganyika. To meet this agitation the Labour government of 1929 appointed a Select Committee to inquire into the question of the closer union of the three East African territories. I recall how in the public 'hearings' everything was done to obscure the real intention, but the realities came out in the end. The committee report completely scotched the proposal.

In Central Africa the reactionary forces in Southern Rhodesia have been more successful—much more successful, as we now see, than had been thought. Clearly, unless a powerful rallying of the forces of justice, fair play and sanity takes place with a view to changing the present trends in Central Africa, we may be destined to pass through an inglorious and disastrous 30 years during which the last vestiges of western political power will pass out of Africa and possibly of the coloured two-thirds of our troubled world.

WILFRED WELLOCK

Orchard Lea
New Longton, Preston

POPULATION AND SCIENCE

SIR,—In his review of Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World Revisited*, Kingsley Martin challenges me to admit that pressure of population is always a limiting factor in human welfare. If it has ever been so, which I doubt, it is certainly not so now with the new powers which science has put into our hands.

It is time that intelligent people came to realise these new powers and their implication to the problem of population and food supply. What is causing semi-starvation and poverty today over most of the world, is not pressure of population but checks on the production of food and other goods. This is in part the result of antiquated and unjust systems of land tenure, maintained in the ultimate interest of foreign traders or planters, as the repression in Africa today shows still to be an active factor. Even more, it is failure to provide adequate machinery and fertiliser to bring more land into cultivation and get more off it.

The process of crop expansion has already started. Even now the rate of increase of food production is on any reckoning greater than that of population—and it might be much greater yet. A fraction of the 70-odd billion dollars a year that the capitalist countries now spend on armaments, invested in this way in the underdeveloped countries, would end malnutrition in two or three years or sooner if present food surpluses in the rich countries were released and cultivatable land brought under the plough, and available knowledge of agriculture was widely used.

Birth control by itself can never bring about such a result. The transformation to modern agriculture, in its first stages, requires more hands than are available even in what have previously been called overcrowded countries, as the experience of China is now showing. This does not mean that birth control has not got its place; the health of mothers and children must be protected and no woman should be forced, through poverty or lack of knowledge, to have more children than she wants. But such voluntary use of contraceptives is far from being a way of so limiting population that people in wealthy countries would no longer be offended by the knowledge of starving millions and could then feel exempt from doing anything to help them or even from letting them help themselves.

In any case, even if the ideal contraceptive pill is developed within the next decade, it is statistically impossible that the effect on the population of the world will be appreciable within a generation. Short of war, the population curve will not change abruptly and is now fairly certain to pass the five billion mark by the end of the century and is unlikely to settle down, if ever, at much under ten billion. All these people can be fed properly from existing resources. Now that most of them know it, they will insist on the changes in agriculture, production and social systems that will get them out of their quite unnecessary misery.

For though the prophets of gloom have not awakened to it, the alternative to atomic destruction that science has brought is not Malthusian starvation but a population as large as men and women want it to be. For, with unlimited energy on tap and infinitely new ways of making things, the world could support a population hundreds of times what it is at present. Whether the people of two or three centuries ahead will want such numbers is their business and they will pay no attention to what we say now. If the world already seems crowded, it is because the literate city people are condemned to live in less than a tenth of one per cent. of its area. The reasons for this crowding no longer exist. Coal fields and ports need no longer tie people to dirty cities. With his new powers man can spread over all the most agreeable parts of land and sea.

For all the wonders that science can bring, none can approach the richness and promise of man himself. Why should we, out of selfishness and lack of imagination, lament his birth and try vainly to hinder his begetting, rather than make the world a good place for him to live in?

J. D. BERNAL

21 Torrington Square, WC1

SHALL WE HELP MR GAITSKELL?

SIR,—I was very disappointed that the debate surrounding Paul Johnson's controversial article ran completely off the rails when the nuclear disarmers took it over. The tragic events in the Central African Federation lend force to Paul Johnson's conclusion and may, in fact, be sufficient to stir some of us into active work on behalf of the party. If we rally to the Labour Party it is because we hope and almost half believe that a Labour government may change the

pattern of events that South Africa, Suez, Algeria, Cyprus and the Belgian Congo have described.

So far as any other issues are concerned many of us have come to wonder whether the Labour movement is a practical instrument for the creation of the dynamic society the vision of which brought us to a belief in Socialism. Some of us feel that after its 150 years of movement it appears to have become like the snowball that has grown so heavy all our efforts are too puny to push it any further.

Frank criticism on the movement's position is essential before any sort of impetus can be restored but honest and fruitful self-criticism is not normally a characteristic of large political organisations. It isn't merely the bans on free discussion which the party imposes on its MPs and councillors, but the general pressure to fall into set attitudes, that is so distressing. This afflicts the constituency parties just as much as the trade unions and the political office holders. There is an absence of genuine radical thinking because there is no atmosphere conducive to it. We have today a new sort of society in Britain and its problems cannot be solved by taking up traditional attitudes which are so fixed that they have become immune to the fresh breath of new ideas.

The Labour Party obviously and desperately wants to win the next election. For people like myself to care as much as Mr Gaitskell does, we would expect the party to do some fabulous things because in very general terms, the challenge of today's society is surely not the improvement of welfare services, the abolition of poverty or the re-establishment of full employment, but the creation of opportunities for more exciting and rewarding living both in terms of work and leisure. This means an ambitious programme which would embrace a free compulsory educational system capable of lifting educational standards to the level required by this country and designed to meet its need for technicians and skilled executives. It means being prepared to put projects like the plan for Boston Manor into effect and learning the dismal lesson that the abject failure of the New Towns has taught us. It means also a real plan for industry which will raise the standard of life and in which the principle of public ownership stands vindicated by its proven superiority over private industry. It means finally, the establishment of new cultural values which have to seep through and unify the new society.

Naturally it is easy to state objectives but my purpose in throwing them in is to indicate the difference between the magnitude of what has to be done and what the Labour Party is proposing to do. To make them a practical reality we first have to admit with honesty the defects in the existing position. The best nationalised industries may be slightly more efficient than some private industry but although one or two do a fair job they don't, themselves, make a good case for public ownership. They are certainly not better to work in than the best private industries. Municipal housing projects in general are dull and uninspired. The co-operative movement similarly compares badly with the best that private enterprise has to offer. The same is also true of state education. So one could go on and on. The case for a Socialist Britain will go by default unless we are going to be prepared to face the contemporary problems and then direct our efforts to seeking genuine solutions. It requires tremendous combined intellectual effort.

Is there any evidence to suggest that the Labour movement is likely to jolt itself sufficiently and change its ways of thought and conduct? There isn't much yet regrettably, and as time goes by so the new values derived from rising standards and high pressure advertising are seducing the electorate and the party has to move in response. The only answer that many of us who were educated in the post-war era can see is to make enough money to have sufficient independence to live our leisure in the way we wish. The educational opportunities were created by Labour but there doesn't seem to be an inkling of what should come afterwards.

DAVID HOLLINGS

83 Ringway, Southall

VOTERS' VETO

SIR,—Anti-nuclear campaigners spend a great deal of their time protesting against a defence policy which is based on bluff. We argue that the threat to use nuclear weapons in reply to an attack is nonsensical, since this would invoke the destruction of everything we might wish to defend. In view of this it is rather disconcerting to find people within the Campaign advocating a precisely similar policy to convert the Labour Party to nuclear disarmament.

We are told that by threatening to abstain from voting for pro-bomb candidates we may convert them to our point of view, because if they don't change their minds they will be out on their necks. This depends on whether the candidates really believe in our threat, and they have every reason to suppose that in the last resort it would not be carried out, since we would have nothing to gain and everything to lose. The arguments for this view were given by Benn Levy, and have not been refuted.

If, despite this, large numbers of devoted Labour Party supporters did resolve to abstain from voting, the effect would be analogous to Mr Sandys's pointless conversion of a conventional war into a nuclear one. We should be landed with a Tory government which nothing short of revolution could convert to

Campaign for NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT

Universities Campaign Lecture
Conway Hall 14 March 11 a.m.
SIR RICHARD ACLAND

PUBLIC MEETINGS

WOOD GREEN
Trinity Grammar School, Bounds Green Road, N.22 17 March 8 p.m.
JOHN HORNER
REV. MICHAEL SCOTT

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE
Brunswick Methodist Church Hall
19 March 7.30 p.m.
REV. MICHAEL SCOTT
W. GRIGOR MCLELLAND

Further Particulars from
143 Fleet Street, E.C.4. FLEet Street 4175

Comprehensive Schools

For authoritative articles and teaching experiences read the new educational journal

FORUM

Current issue: *Joan Simon* on new developments in South Wales; *Prof. A. V. Judges:* "Agenda for Non-Selective Schools"; *Margaret Miles:* "Comprehensive Education in Sweden"; symposium on maths teaching; the junior school curriculum and streaming etc.

Editors: Robin Pedley and Brian Simon

To Forum, 71 Clarendon Park Road, Leicester.
I enclose 8/6d for annual subscription (three issues) or 3/4d for single copy.
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....

FREE L.P. RECORD
to demonstrate how easy it is to
Speak FRENCH
BY LEARNING THIS LATEST & FASTEST WAY!
AT FAR BELOW USUAL COST!

If you are anxious to speak French really well, for whatever reason—business, educational or social advancement, holidays abroad, etc.—here is a unique opportunity for you to PROVE FOR YOURSELF that the new, *simplified* Odhams "Living Language" Course really IS the easiest, most enjoyable way to achieve that brilliant mastery of French you desire. There's nothing to pay, NO obligation—simply post the coupon and you'll receive, entirely FREE, a unique SAMPLE LESSON (33⅓ r.p.m.). Young or old, you owe it to yourself to seize this amazing FREE TRIAL opportunity at once.

For FREE Sample "Hear it Yourself" Lesson,* full details of the Course and convenient pay-as-you-learn plan, fill in and post coupon NOW! Offer applies in U.K. and Eire only.

*If you do not require the long-play record, ask for details of the Course.

UNIQUE 40-LESSON COURSE WITH HI-FI RECORDS
Learn As You Listen

Hear, on high-fidelity records, a famous French teacher speaking in his native tongue, and at the same time **see,** in special books provided, the words and phrases heard. *Records for ANY player.*

POST NOW FOR FREE SAMPLE LESSON

To: Odhams Press Ltd., Dept. D.S.S., "Living Language" Course, Bushey, Sevenoaks, Kent.
WITHOUT OBLIGATION send me FREE Sample Recorded Lesson.* details of Odhams "LIVING LANGUAGE" Course (FRENCH) and convenient pay-as-you-learn plan.

*Delete if Record is not required.

BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

NAME .....

Full Postal ADDRESS .....

D.S.5/14.3.59 .....

nuclear disarmament. Mr Craft and Mr Crampton claim in their letter that the operation of a Voters' Veto would not have this effect; but its actual *operation* is bound to. What they really mean is that the *threat* to operate it may make it unnecessary. This reminds one of Mr Macmillan's inane remark about the deterrent: 'If it is ever used it will have failed'.

JOHN CRABBE

36 Stradella Road, SE24

ALDERMASTON MARCH

SIR,—The readers of your journal will undoubtedly know of this year's Aldermaston March at Easter, and many of them will wish to assist in some capacity or other, but may not be aware of our requirements. I appeal, therefore, to anyone who has not yet offered help to let us know if they can:

1. Act as marshals or stewards during the march (particularly those people with motor cycles, scooters, or even a plain pedal cycle).
2. Supply lorries or caravans.
3. Operate or supply catering equipment (particularly mobile water boilers, Calor gas stoves, large teapots and so on).

Anyone in a position to help with any of the above should write or telephone the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, 143 Fleet Street, EC4 (FLEet Street 4175) as soon as possible. To get to Aldermaston on Good Friday we have arranged bus transport from London. Places on the buses can be booked by sending 10s. per person (5s. for children) to the Campaign Office.

ROY SHAW
March Organiser

THE COMPREHENSIVE SCHOOL

SIR,—Both Mrs Chetwynd and Mr Rée make statements which show how dangerous it is to generalise about Comprehensive schools without adequate experience. Here are some points arising from their articles prompted by my limited experience.

Does Mrs Chetwynd, for example, know that there is a neighbourhood Comprehensive school at Kirkby Stephen in north Westmorland, opened four years ago? Does Mr Rée know that this solution to the problem of secondary education was adopted for educational reasons by a predominantly Conservative county council, which is experimenting further with a similar school which is to be opened soon at Appleby?

There are many ways of ensuring that children in the non-academic streams in such schools have opportunities to develop and exercise authority. At Kirkby Stephen there is a school council, composed of children drawn by election mainly from the fourth and fifth forms, all grades, to administer routine discipline; results compare favourably with the prefect system, which preceded the council. Nor is it true to say that the school societies are made up mostly from the higher academic streams; the school choirs, chess club, games teams and violin classes are only a few examples of the successful encouragement of children from all parts of the school to join in, regardless of grading.

Mr Rée skims over other social aspects much too glibly. When this school opened, two evils disappeared overnight, first the spurious prestige of being a 'Grammar lass' with its attendant snob values, and second the stigma of staying on at the all-age village school if one failed the 11-plus. The social mixture here is geographical, not academic; children who travel on the same bus, share a table at lunch (itself a social education, staff and children eating together in carefully assorted groups), play football or netball together, tend to spend their leisure time with one another.

Mr Rée's account of staff difficulties is grossly misleading. Only last week a Grammar school headmaster reported that 80 per cent. of his staff had changed during the last five years. Staff changes are inevitable; an average stay of only five years would mean a 20 per cent. turnover, and teachers with roots will stay longer than five years.

Kirkby Stephen has its difficulties. The allowance of staff is inadequate for the cross-setting needed to make the most of the system. There are forms with more than 30 children. The school is short of specialist accommodation, and being in a wild area it can be put almost out of action in severe weather.

It is, however, a happy school for staff and children, and its rising academic record, the richness and variety of its out-of-school activities, and the low juvenile delinquency figures in the area show that the Comprehensive school here, although still young, can serve adequately all the children of the neighbourhood.

JOHN HUTCHINGS

The Grammar School
Kirkby Stephen
Westmorland

SIR,—The headmistress of Woodberry Down Comprehensive school gives an impressive defence of her own school, but Joan Simon's letter confirms the misgivings which many of us feel at the antics of certain local councils in the name of the Comprehensive principle. Mrs Simon is quite clearly concerned with the question of privilege rather than educational standards. She argues that the Grammar school standard can only be maintained at the expense of the rest of the school population, and in doing so tacitly admits that the 'Comprehensive principle' will usually mean levelling down and that Woodberry Down could not be typical of the national pattern.

What rankles is that many (though not all) of the Labour MPs who support the Comprehensive principle manage to opt out by purchasing the best Grammar school education in the independent system. The Burnham Scale does not allow me to take such a detached view!

W. R. COOK

Hadley Close
Meopham

SIR,—Three years ago, with considerable misgivings, I accepted the post of head of a department in a Comprehensive school. For the first year it was only my pride that prevented me from handing in my resignation—and only the amazing tolerance of my superiors that prevented my being asked for it. Even now it is with the greatest regret that I reject this opportunity of inveighing against the Comprehensive system: against the enthusiasts who believe that the elixir has been found, that the system will solve not only all educational but all social problems, that all the difficulties are teething troubles and all that is good in these schools—even 'specialist rooms and equipment seldom before available to other than the children most valued by the nation'—arises from their being Comprehensive schools.

Instead, as one who is enthusiastic for the job, who accepts the system with reservations but does not think it the only one worth consideration, I venture to defend at least one Comprehensive school against the attack published in your columns.

(1) Your contributor refers to the 'poor spirit' found in *one school* where the gym. staff had to do their own job. In only one of the four Grammar schools in which I have taught have other staff been asked to supervise matches; nor is it asked in my present post. The unathletic among us merely organise Photographic, Natural History, Stamp, Art, Puppet, International, Dramatic, Harmonica or Folk Music Clubs, wriggle their middle-aged bones on the gallery seats of the Old Vic on Friday nights, and spare time from their holidays to accompany 'map-reading walks' or escort parties of boys on school journeys abroad.

(2) 'The head tends to be a distant figure, approachable only through a third person.' I know of a school—a Grammar school, incidentally—where the only approach to the head is through his secretary's office. In the school where I teach the head is immediately accessible not merely to all the staff but to 1,500-odd pupils, by appointment or otherwise. An opportunity usually occurs sometime in the course of a day and once in the study we are allowed to feel that the matter of first importance is that which we have come to discuss.

(3) 'It is the less intellectual who are forced out of the limelight and who fail to benefit from much which the school can offer.' Why then are some of us constantly demanding fair play for the upper dog? If it be true that all men are created equal, then, rightly or wrongly, Comprehensive education makes them more equal still! Whatever distinction may be revealed by external awards, 'those who win the applause' with us are those who have achieved success proportionate to their ability. In contrast with the experience of the teacher quoted, our prefects come from all streams—and very good prefects some of the less academic pupils make. The choir, too, is heterogeneous and the producer of the school play was inundated with non-academics clamouring for parts: several obtained them and then acquitted themselves well.

These observations, drawn from experience of a single school, can no more be adduced in support of Comprehensive education than can the instances quoted in the article be cited in its condemnation; they are offered here simply to show how unintentionally specious arguments may be when based on inadequate knowledge.

E. J. B. ANDERSON

44 Breakspears Rd, SE4

CHRISTABEL PANKHURST

SIR,—With regard to the proposal to erect an extension of the memorial to Mrs Pankhurst which should commemorate her daughter Christabel's notable militant career, may I suggest that the names of those early suffragettes who we associated with the Pankhursts be somewhere and somehow included? My earliest memories are of Annie Kenney, Emmeline Pethick-Lawrence and Mary Pawthorpe, outstanding in the cause, even before 1909. And I, personally, would add the name of Lady Constance Lytton, whose spiritual outlook led to a martyrdom of ill health and early death.

'MILITANT' BROWNE

Anthony Trollope

BRADFORD A. BOOTH

A critical study by the leading authority of the day who edited the definitive edition of the *Letters*. Bradford A. Booth is Professor of English at the University of California. The main weight of this study is first, an examination of Trollope's 'world', particularly the clerical and political, and secondly, how his practice was shaped by early nineteenth century tradition and technique.

The author also takes issue with Trollope's critics, among them F. R. Leavis and A. O. J. Cockshut.

30s.

EDWARD HULTON

BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Man Who Snubbed Himself

'. . . He tended towards negation on his own account, as one side of the New England mind had always done.' In this sentence from *The Education,* Henry Adams puts his finger on the cause of our uneasiness when we turn from his 'education' to Mr Ernest Samuels's *Life**. It contains a lot of neatly managed social history which is more echoing than substantial for the English reader. Americans will find more in it. For ourselves – we are left with the feeling that it is hard luck to have written a classic of American autobiography and then to have the full story spread out in three volumes of exhaustive sympathy. There was, of course, one notorious omission: *The Education* had no reference to Adams's happy but tragically ended marriage; the omission was one of his colossal denials.

When Mr Ernest Samuels's *Life* opens, at the second volume, the restless intellectual has thrown up his job of teaching history at Harvard and the editing of the *North American Review*. He has married a small, plain, energetic, witty woman. They have settled in Washington where she will hold salons which, in Henry James's opinion, kept too many people out, and where he becomes the stable companion of politicians. ('Let us be vulgar and invite the President' – Henry James wrote, but we can bet the Adamses uttered it.) Here he writes a couple of *romans à clef* which cause a stir in America and in London, and his *History of the United States*. It would all be rather dull if the couple had not had sharp tongues.

Adams is an instance of the current theory that Americans go through anguish in the effort to create an identity for themselves. And hence the stress that is put on pose. Certainly Adams posed. He comes at the end of a powerful family tradition which was simply by-passed in the new America. The reader of the *Life* soon sees that there was something seriously wrong with the Adamses. Their friend Henry James detected it. He saw that they were intellectually too good for Washington and knew it, as only New Englanders knew how to be too good. Henry Adams had already been too good – as Hawthorne had been, though less brilliantly – for London. The deplorable thing about the English might be their complacency and their intolerable habit of thinking that by confessing they were wrong they put themselves in the right; the enraging fact of their self-confidence and sense of continuity remained. (Adams was surprised that English readers did not resent those attacks on England which were the best things in *The Education.*) But the Adamses went on being too good. They were too good for the French theatre – immoral: no attempt to understand the satire on bourgeois morality. They were too blue-nosed to applaud Sarah Bernhardt. They froze – with clever, nervous mockery – before Lily Langtry and Oscar Wilde. Adams's taste in painting was incredibly unadventurous for a man who thought of himself as an aesthete and connoisseur: he would not touch the Impressionists. It is true that, after the earlier and greater New England generation, men like Adams detached themselves and evaded when they saw the vulgarity and commercialism of the age; yet, by some comedy of conscience, Adams managed to convince himself that he was not a wicked expatriate or neo-European like James – whose *The Portrait of a Lady* he would not read. From his eloquent praise of early American democracy we know that he was in trouble with the American dream, and that he sought some other myth that would contain the laws of history; but the qualities that have made Adams survive as a writer come to a great extent from denial and expatriation.

Something had been thinned down or defeated in him; and we must suppose that by his time New England had been turned into a forcing house. His attachment to democracy made him a dashing critic of Europe at first; but when detachment set in, he quickly caught the defect of the detached mind: its tendency to stick to out of date evidence. Thus, when the Adamses came from Washington to London, in the middle period, all they saw was decline and deterioration in the circles they knew. Duchesses were getting more and more vulgar, Browning bored, society was satiate and rude. Very likely. But the Adamses did not grasp that there were other circles. They did not understand that two momentous things were happening: first, the extraordinary spurt of a new, if lamentable, imperialism; second, the reaping of the first rewards of social agitation which had been going on for more than a generation. The tide had turned for the poorer classes; the wave of prolonged reform was becoming more and more powerful. Opposition to Henry James was not going to be the prerogative of the Adamses much longer; it would come from the Wellses. Adams was a snob, a very intelligent and imaginative one, but still a snob. He even snubbed himself, for as one breezy American politician put it, he was the only man who could sit on a fence and watch himself go by. Morley, after reading *The Education,* said: 'If Adams had ever looked at himself naked in a glass, he would have rated other men a little more gently'. Of *The History* Laski wrote: 'It's no use trying to be superior to men like Hamilton, Jefferson and Burr'.

Adams died in 1918 after a long life, with his best work at the end of it. Since his time, American writers by the dozen have taken the skeletons out of the New England closets and have set them squeaking and gibbering in a long All Souls Night of Freudian ghosts. Mr Samuels does not go to those lengths, but he is candid enough to show that there was something very odd in the family inheritance. Vain, ambitious and gifted, Adams was melancholy, eccentric, evasive and self-mutilating. Like Clough, whom he admired, he knew himself 'unskilled to sunder and too weak to cleave' some 'old Gordian knot'. What was it? Or rather, how many Gordian knots were there? Critics said that he was effeminate and lacked the male principle. Henry James had noted the masculinity of Mrs Adams. There is something too tense about the marriage of this mother-loving man to a childless, father-worshipping woman who became a manic depressive and committed suicide when her father died. We must take into account the fact that Adams's idolising attitude to women was shared by American society. The idealisation of Woman had begun – and with it the frustration of women. Mr Samuels has one or two amusing touches about the beginning of the American matriarchate and the inconveniences of gallantry on American buses.

We shall hear more about these matters in the final volume of Mr Samuels's work. In that we shall follow Adams across the South Seas to Japan, as he collects anthropological notes and bric-à-brac; and we shall respect the almost heroic effort of will and character by which he pulled his life together. The cult of failure is not entirely vanity; it comes also from a driving conscience. He has the New England virtue which can be described as a long-headed and unremitting regard for a personal truth. One finds it in all the writers, the good and the poor, the quick and the ethical bores. He will get the expatriate's reward in the visit to Chartres, Amiens and Mont-Saint-Michel, the strange congested vision of power at the Paris Exposition of 1900, and write the two books that give him his eminence. As a piece of mystical aestheticism the account of Chartres looks pretty laboured now; but it is interesting to see in Adams that desire to establish a myth, to utter a fable or conceive a romance which (American critics tell us) is central in their literature, and the expression of a personal need. In the dynamo he thought he had found a symbol which could be placed beside the Christian symbols of the Middle Ages. The passage is interesting because it reads like the prose of a man who thinks he is writing Ruskin, when he is actually slipping into the sexual symbolism of Zola:

> Then he showed his scholar the great hall of dynamos, and explained how little he knew about electricity or force of any kind, even of his own special sun, which spouted heat in inconceivable volume, but which, as far as he knew, might spout less or more, for all the certainty he felt in it. To him the dynamo itself was but an ingenious channel for conveying somewhere the heat latent in a few tons of poor coal hidden in a dirty engine-house carefully kept out of sight; but to Adams the dynamo became a symbol of infinity. As he became accustomed to the great gallery of machines, he began to feel the forty-foot dynamo as a moral force, much as the early Christians felt for the Cross. The plant itself seemed less impressive in its old-fashioned deliberate, annual or daily revolution, than this huge wheel, revolving with arms length at some vertiginous speed or barely murmured – scarcely humming an audible warning to stand a hair's breadth further for respect of power – while it would not wake the baby lying close against its frame. Before the end one began to pray to it; inherited instinct taught the natural expression of man before silent and infinite force. Among the thousands of symbols of ultimate energy, the dynamo was not so human as some, but it was the most expressive.

I fear all that is part of the guessing game of

* *Henry Adams: The Middle Years.* By ERNEST SAMUELS. *Oxford.* 60*s.*

Book Society
★ CHOICE ★
HUXLEY
The Flame Trees of Thika
Memories of an African Childhood

Laurens van der Post
'No one who cares about the fate of Africa can possibly be ignorant of Mrs. Huxley's distinguished role as an observer and interpreter of African events. . . I found myself held and entranced by this tale at times so tender, endearing and poignant and at others so light, carefree and gay.'

William Plomer
'Memoirs of life in Africa are getting more interesting than novels, but few are likely to be as good as Mrs. Huxley's.'

J. B. Priestley
'Full of good things . . . all very lively and sharply observed.'

George Malcolm Thomson
'A book of sharp focus, nostalgic mood, beguiling charm.'

Jon Godden
'Told with such apparent ease that the subtlety and excellence of the writing goes almost unnoticed . . . Mrs. Huxley is an authority on African affairs, and her intimate knowledge of Kenya shows in every word . . . enthralling reading.'

Mrs. Robert Henrey
'Her finest book to date . . . an enchantment and a joy to read.'

News Chronicle
'Wonderful warmth and vividness . . . fascinating.' 16*s net*

Frank Eyck
THE PRINCE CONSORT
A Political Biography

Norman St. John Stevas
'Scholarly . . . will be welcomed by historians as a valuable contribution to our understanding of the Victorian era. For the first time the Prince Consort is done full justice both as a European and an English figure.'

Maurice Cranston
'Thoroughly scholarly . . . throws a great deal of new light on its subject.' 30*s net*

CHATTO & WINDUS

literature. A later Adams would have to start guessing about nuclear power. And the result would still be melodrama.

Adams's notion that the Universe had become a Multiverse made a good phrase. It was a projection of that restlessness which fed his talent as an excellent narrator. He had a gift of the picturesque, the melodramatic, the satiric word and a manner which, as many have said, strikingly anticipated that of Lytton Strachey. Both men were Victorians with one foot in the eighteenth century. Is this Strachey or is it Adams?

> The House twisted and turned like a martyr on his bed of steel, but its torture was of painful doubt, not of passion.

Adams, of course: the word 'painful' is too weak for the author of *Eminent Victorians*. Adams is apt to crack. And this, also, is near-Strachey:

> From down the staircase one heard Lord Palmerston's laugh as he stood at the door receiving his guests. . . . The laugh was singular, mechanical, wooden and did not seem to disturb his features. 'Ha! Ha! Ha!' It was a laugh of 1810 and the Congress of Vienna.

Again the weak 'seem to' betrays him. Strachey had more conviction than the talented and ambitious seeker after conviction who casts a long, anxious, intellectual shadow forward. We see Adams shuffling the cards of history to and fro, considering and reconsidering his hand and concluding, with rather too much disdain, that he still does not know enough to permit him to play. I hope, in the final volume, that Mr Samuels will emerge from the detail and come to a judgment.

V. S. PRITCHETT

The Wild Doves at Louis Trichardt

Morning is busy with long files
Of ants and men, all bearing loads.
The sun's gong beats, and sweat runs down.
A mason-hornet shapes his hanging house.
In a wide flood of flowers
Two crested cranes are bowing to their food.
From the north today there is ominous news.

Midday, the mad cicada-time.
Sizzling from every open valve
Of the overheated earth
The stridulators din it in—
Intensive and continuing praise
Of the white-hot zenith, shrilling on
Toward a note too high to bear.

Oven of afternoon, silence of heat.
In shadow, or in shaded rooms,
This face is hidden in folded arms,
That face is now a sightless mask,
Tree-shadow just includes those legs.
The people have all lain down, and sleep
In attitudes of the sick, the shot, the dead.

And now in the grove the wild doves begin,
Whose neat silk heads are never still,
Bubbling their coolest colloquies.
The formulae they liquidly pronounce
In secret tents of leaves imply
(Clearer than man-made music could)
Men being absent, Africa is good.

WILLIAM PLOMER

Louis Trichardt is a town in the Northern Transvaal.

South Africa's Neighbour

European Politics in Southern Rhodesia. By COLIN LEYS. *Oxford.* 42*s.*

A few years ago there were no serious books about White society in Southern Rhodesia. Now there are several. The latest of these is also the best; and it comes, moreover, well on its hour. Anyone who might still doubt the value of studying a society whose numbers are little more than Bournemouth's, but whose range of thought would make Bournemouth a beaming light of liberal enterprise, need only reflect on the far-ranging power now being wielded by it. These are the people, after all, who are now restoring 'law and order' in Nyasaland.

Mr Colin Leys is a Fellow of Balliol who brings energy, penetration, honesty and wisdom to his subject. He performs the remarkable and useful feat of preserving a fair balance of judgment in writing of a country where legislation has carefully provided that a small minority shall always be the masters, and a large majority shall always be the servants—and where, accordingly, any reasonable visitor could be forgiven for losing his temper and his sense of proportion. Mr Leys loses neither. His book is full of useful information; but it is also full of wise judgments. He takes you doggedly through the detail of party, political, and population statistics; but he is not content with analysis. He tries to explain what kind of society really lies behind these suave legislative figures; and he never loses sight of the central factor in Southern Rhodesian life. 'The real opposition in the country,' he explains, 'is African, both because the Africans are the poorest section of the population and because they are subject to legal discrimination; but the political system virtually does not include them.'

Not having written a political book, he sensibly refrains from hammering too loudly on the nail that is sharpened by his keen use of fact. No one who has read this book will be able to believe, however, that the Europeans in Southern Rhodesia ever intend to accept a policy of interracial partnership—however much their leaders may have pledged themselves to do so when they were shouting for federation with Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland six years ago. The electoral changes made since Federation remain far short of anything resembling partnership—except, no doubt, the partnership of master and servant: but they represent, Mr Leys points out, 'the furthest limits to which the European electorate could be induced to go, and are intended to be permanent'.

Although most Europeans now living in Southern Rhodesia have a minimal knowledge of the country they inhabit and of the Africans whom they openly despise, they are determined to remain a 'master race'. Since Federation they have introduced a slightly less narrow franchise in Southern Rhodesia, but only after fearful mental struggles—and in deference to liberal opinion in Britain at a time when they were hoping to obtain Dominion status for the whole Federation. But even this somewhat less narrow franchise, as Mr Leys concludes, 'is unlikely to bring enough Africans on to the register to make a significant difference at elections'. And these Europeans are at liberty, of course, to narrow the franchise once again whenever they wish.

There is nothing, of course, that British opinion can do about this except to comment on it, for control of Southern Rhodesia passed out of British hands in 1923.

But Britain is entitled to profit from Southern

Rhodesia's experience, which teaches at least one clear lesson. The transfer of effective power to an immigrant community, which was largely dependent on a discriminatory legal apparatus for its very presence in the country, precluded the possibility that the power would later be voluntarily shared with the rest of the population, or that the apparatus would be dismantled.

Quite so: and next year these same Europeans hope to get their hands on Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland as well.

BASIL DAVIDSON

Pepper in the Poteen

Paper Boats. By E. M. BUTLER. *Collins.* 16s.

It is instructive that it was *not* the Irish who thought up the Hegelian Dialectic. The idea of conflict as the secret of life is essentially theirs, but they cannot do with the idea of reconciliation. It is not, therefore, because Miss Butler was Professor of German at Cambridge, but because she is rather more Irish than they come, that her book is a seething cauldron of contradictions. In the first place: she is no pedant, she is a lively scholar who has made a bold and imaginative study of the traditions of magic and responded sensitively to contemporary politics. Why, then, does she write almost continuously in clichés? When sentences like this,

> She [her tutor] rode me, as indeed she did everybody else, on a very light rein, turning a blind eye to my many lapses from virtue and laughing indulgently when I kicked against the pricks—

and this,

> Torn by internecine feuds and riddled by neuroses, they were doubtful social assets, we were told, and they did not always come up to the scratch by buying tickets for 'dramats'—

fall, not from the nerveless pen of an MP or a Major-General, but from that of a distinguished Professor of literature, one can hardly suppose stark insensibility, and one begins to wonder if she has something to hide. Again, she is a natural rebel against academic authority. Consider the Weinabend Society, a small group which she founded among the Newnham dons, officially to combat illiberalism in college politics, but most strangely wreathed in ritual, of which here is a small part:

> Our initial rites and ceremonies were a burlesque of the solemn admission of Fellows to Newnham; the minutes were a parody of those we listened to at College meetings and our publications were libellous lampoons in verse on the personalities of our colleagues . . . a trek through Newnham in the small hours . . . in duty bound . . . to leave on the screens and elsewhere disturbing messages, often in verse. . . . Poker faces were at a premium when the proceedings we had undertaken the night before were the subject of outraged comment in the Combination Room next day. It was a relief in a way to hear the tutors swear in unison that none of their students could possibly have been responsible.

If (as I hope) somebody somewhere is writing a thesis on infantilism in the residential universities, they should note that this business went on for *seven years*. Of course nobody suspected the students—students are too old for that sort of thing, and if they minded it so much they could leave. So can dons. But Miss Butler not only did not leave; she stuck to German, instead of French, which she had come to prefer, because only German would give her a job at Newnham. The chief interest of the book lies, in fact (apart from a rather impressive account of nursing on the Eastern Front in the First War) in the conflict between her love and hatred, first of academic

Approaches to the Study of Politics

Editor: ROLAND YOUNG

What is Politics? The twenty-two essays in this volume consider the implications of the question and examine the various approaches by which it can be studied.

30s. net

Early Soviet Writers

VYACHESLAV ZAVALISHIN

"The Communist regimentation of literature in Soviet Russia began in earnest in 1929 . . . In a well-informed and closely studied volume Mr. Zavalishin has set out to . . . illustrate the brave and often agonized efforts of early post-revolutionary writers to find a way out of an inescapable dilemma . . . illuminating and valuable."
—*Times Literary Supplement*

63s. net

Communist China Today

PETER S. H. TANG

I-Domestic and Foreign Policies

By an eminent Chinese authority, this is the first comprehensive study of all major aspects of Communist China.

70s. net

II-Documentary and Chronological Index

Supplementary to the main work, this covers the years 1918 to 1957.

30s. net

French Socialism in the Crisis Years 1933-1936

Fascism and the French Left

JOHN T. MARCUS

A study of conflicting opinions and ideologies within a Socialist framework, this book explores the contradictions in the structure of French Socialism producing these strains in the crucial years between Hitler's rise to power and the election of the Popular Front.

38s. 6d. post paid

ATLANTIC BOOKS

distributed by

STEVENS & SONS, 3 Chancery Lane, W.C.2

Sir Cyril Fox

LIFE and DEATH in the BRONZE AGE

"It is clearly going to be a top priority classic among our archaeological books." SIR THOMAS KENDRICK.

Fully illustrated 45s *net*

EVERETT KNIGHT

The Objective Society

A stinging criticism of modern culture and of academic method, by one who has much knowledge and awareness of both. 16s *net*

S. SAMBURSKY

Physics of the Stoics

An exposition of the physical concepts and theories of the Stoic school, by the author of *The Physical World of the Greeks.* 23s *net*

H. A. MASON

Humanism & Poetry

In the Early Tudor Period

This essay defines the living interest of the Humanist writers of the period 1490-1550, who were guided by an instinct for life and health. 32s *net*

D. STREATFEILD

A Study of Two Worlds

Persephone

The author compares the themes of the modern thriller (especially *No Orchids for Miss Blandish*) with the classical myth of Persephone. 30s *net*

JEAN HEYWOOD

Children in Care

The history of the development of the service of the deprived child in England. 25s *net*

T'ao Ya

Pottery Refinements

A translation by G. Sayer of this great classic of ceramics. 42s *net*

ROBERT TROW-SMITH

A History of British Livestock Husbandry

1700 - 1900

The completion of a major work which began with *A History of British Livestock Husbandry to* 1700.

Fully illustrated 40s *net*

ROUTLEDGE & KEGAN PAUL

Monday

Eleanor Roosevelt

Book Society Recommend

ON MY OWN

Her great memoirs of the years since 1945

21s.

Red Cloth and Green Forest

ALFONSO VINCI: 'a man who would be curious and enquiring anywhere, and a very spirited writer . . . extraordinary forest journeys . . . a narrative which is deeply exciting . . . conveys wonder and emotion' V. S. PRITCHETT, *New Statesman*

Illus. 30s.

Phoenix Re-born

MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

'Phoenix mystery solved . . . can be guaranteed to make any reader look at the carryings-on of birds with fresh interest and awareness' CHARLES TIMAEUS, *Reynolds News* *Illus.* 25s.

New Authors Limited

New Author No. 7

Marilyn Duckworth

A GAP IN THE SPECTRUM

'original and attractive . . . a brilliantly imaginative, and at times very funny, very frightening excursion into the lost places of the mind' ELIZABETH MAVOR, *Glasgow Herald.* 'Undoubtably poignant' WILLIAM COOPER, *News Chronicle* 13s. 6d.

The Witness

MARIO POMILIO

'This is the sort of novel many French writers set out to write nowadays, and Mr. Pomilio, an Italian, has written an accomplished example' WILLIAM COOPER, *News Chronicle* 13s. 6d.

Al Morgan

CAST OF CHARACTERS

'his satirical weapon . . . wielded effectively' THE TIMES LIT. SUPP.

'his revelations are a lot more hair-raising than those featured in the film magazines' IRISH TIMES 13s. 6d.

Hutchinson

life, and secondly, of the Germans. She took against the Germans to some extent during her first period of research in Bonn; the antipathy has been deepened by the wars, and the picture she gives of her various landladies, professors and fellow-students is indeed funny and persuasively loathsome. But, then, any Irishman can give as persuasive a picture of the English; indeed, any suitably gifted resident alien anywhere can do it. It means nothing. But the fact that Miss Butler has spent most of her life studying and shrewdly commenting on and exploding about a nation which exasperates her means a great deal. It is no accident of the job market. Such ambivalence is her native air.

People who share the taste will very likely enjoy the book; it is cheerful and richly spiced. I should add that when it comes to the Occult she seems, though fairly credulous, to be much calmer and clearer-headed; her account of a meeting with Aleister Crowley is the funniest thing I have read for some time.

MARY SCRUTTON

An Open Critic

Vision and Rhetoric: Studies in Modern Poetry. By G. S. FRASER. *Faber.* 25*s.*

From his writings over the last dozen or so years we already know not only that Mr Fraser has good critical equipment but that he has sought consistently to develop his resources and to keep in touch with ranges of activity (academic literary study, philosophy, linguistics) which a literary journalist – at no matter how 'highbrow' a level – rarely finds time to nourish. This volume is substantially a collection of separately-inspired pieces: it contains, for instance, the admirable British Council introductions to Dylan Thomas and Yeats, the interesting discussion of E. E. Cummings and Wallace Stevens which first appeared in *Partisan Review*, the early essay on Robert Graves, several reviews and contributions to collections by various hands. Almost all were written before 1958, when Mr Fraser became a university teacher.

This is primarily a confirming collection, therefore. It confirms first, I think, that Mr Fraser has many of the marks of a kind of writer we now tend to undervalue, the good man-of-letters. He is a wide and remarkably hospitable reader, especially of modern poetry. Few men can have prowled more, or with more loving patience, among the growths – good, bad and indifferent – of that luxuriant jungle. He is always fairminded and unwilling to take reviewer's tricks. He is unusually responsive to different kinds of talent and seeks first to give us an informed and intelligent exposition so as to exhibit, with what he calls himself 'a kind of groping tact', the good and the growing points of a poet. He usually manages to do this without enthusing loosely; he might be called an 'open' critic rather than one of theory and preconception.

Perhaps because he has written poetry himself he is particularly valuable – that is, authentic as well as sensitive – when he talks about how a poem's language actually works from line to line. The discussion of Yeats's lyric 'I am of Ireland', the comparison of poems by Robert Graves and Keith Douglas, the examination of Empson's strengths and the remarks on Auden's recent syllabic metre, all show this characteristic. He manages to be both technical and helpful to non-specialists, to avoid jargon or that kind of close analysis which is so 'close' that we are more aware of the critic's subtlety than of the qualities in the poem to which he should be directing our attention.

Unfortunately Mr Fraser's literary generosity – and perhaps an excessive initial kindness towards anyone who goes through the ordeal of trying to write poetry – sometimes causes his criticism to lack sufficient definition, as in the essay on Spender. I don't mean that a critic has to bite or niggle. But the finest criticism demands in the end a sharper defining edge, a firmer marking of limits, than can always be found in these essays.

This limitation may be due largely to the conditions in which they were written. Certainly one is aware of these conditions while reading – of shortage of time and space, of different assumed audiences; most of all, of the imaginative and intellectual limits imposed by the feeling that one has to adopt the tonal 'persona' of the particular journal one happens to be writing for. In short, one often feels that though the virtues Mr Fraser exhibits are considerable he may have better abilities so far unfulfilled. From time to time he offers brief incidental insights which call out for fuller treatment – on 'Time' in Pound's cantos, on 'dramatic gesture' in Auden or, more important, on dramatic monologue in Eliot (this last is like a preliminary note for the theme discussed at length by Mr Robert Langbaum in *The Poetry of Experience*). Of course we do not have to write a book around every insight we are graced with. But some insights can only be really fruitful when they have been teased out and tested, qualified and modified, taken as far as we can manage to take them.

There is, indeed, a fairly specific book waiting to be released from within the present collection. In so far as the title suggests a developed theme it is misleading. The theme of 'vision' (the quality of 'something above a mortal mouth') contrasted with 'rhetoric' ('the common teachable element in poetry') can just be seen in most of the essays but shows more distinctly only in the first and the last two. It contains a number of related questions of great interest: about 'image' as against 'syntax', 'poetic gesture' as against 'moral discourse', and incidentally about the real nature of 'the modern movement' in poetry. One constantly finds oneself wishing that Mr Fraser would explore these issues more thoroughly. For though in *Vision and Rhetoric* he touches on them rather sketchily, it is quite plain that he has the ability to meet the demands of a fuller treatment.

RICHARD HOGGART

Revolution from Above

The Origins of Russia. By GEORGE VERNADSKY. *Oxford.* 35*s.*

Peter the Great. By VASILI KLYUCHEVSKY. *Macmillan.* 36*s.*

The steppe-land which stretches from Mongolia to the Danube has been one of the great highways of world history. Countless tribes have passed along it: Alans and Slavs, Huns and Avars. Some continued on their journey westwards; some remained, to subdue those who had remained before them, and then in turn to be subdued by others. From this mingling of tribes in the southern steppes would one day emerge the Russians. Most people would probably be prepared to take for granted this end-product of a long and complex process, but not so Professor Vernadsky. 'What is the origin of the Russians?' he asks in the first paragraph of

his book, and answers his question by expertly unscrambling the omelette to display the many different eggs that went to its making.

The unscrambling, although skilfully managed, is inevitably a rather technical affair, as philology, archæology and folklore are called upon to provide evidence as to exactly who were the Slavs, the Avars or the Antes. Much of the elucidation echoes what Dr Vernadsky has already written in his *History of Russia*, and the object of the present volume is to reassess the evidence in the light of the more recent findings. The general reader is likely to be most interested by the later sections devoted to the society which emerged from the mingling of the tribes, and to the origins and foundations of the Kievan State. The new state appeared to be settled on secure social foundations, only to be transformed by revolution; the revolution which began about the year 988 when that most unsaintly character Vladimir the Saint was converted to Byzantine Christianity.

Anyone who turns from Vernadsky's account of the transformation of Kievan Russia under Vladimir the Saint to Klyuchevsky's account of the transformation of Muscovy under Peter the Great, some seven hundred years later, is not likely to miss the similarities and the parallels. Vladimir and Peter each introduced a revolution from above. Vladimir gave the Slavs the religion of the Greeks; Peter gave them the technology of the English and the Dutch. Where Vladimir's reforms bound Russia to Byzantium, Peter's reforms bound Russia to the West. Vladimir, a king from an alien dynasty, and Peter, surrounded by alien advisers, imposed new ways of life upon a people reluctant to abandon its ancient rites and customs, and both were hampered in their work by fierce opposition from elements deeply rooted in Slav traditions. But both were ultimately successful. Both Christianisation and Westernisation finally triumphed, perhaps because in each instance the reformers chose to lead and direct a revolution which had already begun: Byzantine religion and culture had started to permeate Kievan Russia long before the conversion of Vladimir, just as western ideas had already made their way into Muscovy long before the accession of Peter, and in the process had already begun to disrupt the old order of society.

It is now more than fifty years since Klyuchevsky wrote his brilliant account of the Petrine reforms in his famous history of Russia. The clarity of his exposition, if not the magnitude of the original conception, was to some extent concealed from English readers by a translation both irritating and obscure. Mrs Archibald has now re-translated the volume devoted to Peter the Great into an English that is vivid, elegant and readable. To her translation she has added discreet but informative footnotes, and the publishers have played their part by providing a map – a feature conspicuously absent from Dr Vernadsky's book. (How many readers can place geographically the Khazar Kaganate?) This excellent new version makes it possible to watch the agonising transformation, never fully completed, of a listless, stubborn, reluctant nation by the whirlwind energy of the first technocrat. Peter's revolution, like Vladimir's before him, shook the old society to its foundations, and the new society that rose from the ruins was at once strikingly different and curiously the same. Even a revolution from above is ultimately shaped by the reactions of the people below – dragooned, breathless, half accepting, half rejecting, and always subtly changing what had been planned for it by its rulers. *Et plus ça change. . . .*

JOHN ELLIOTT

Another **PASTERNAK**

SAFE CONDUCT

An Early Autobiography and Other Works

A completely new translation of the Nobel prize-winner's early memoirs, 4 stories and 34 poems.
Just out *Illustrated* *15s.*

Storm Jameson *says of*

REMEMBER ME TO GOD — **Myron Kaufmann**

"I was immensely interested in the book. A finely authentic picture of an American society . . . full of splendid scenes."
March 25 *640 pp.* *21s.*

THE MEMOIRS OF A NUN

Denis Diderot

New edition of a brilliant novel of a girl who is forced to be a nun against her will.
Just out *16s.*

THE ORDEAL OF MR. BLAIR

Robert Smith

A human story that discloses all the seamy side of big business.
April 20 *16s.*

THE WONDER OF AN HOUR

Peter Coleridge

A first novel that already has rave opinions: "Hilariously funny."—*Edward Blishen.*
"A savage account of the struggle for power in a grammar school written with fascinated relish."—*John Mortimer*
April 20 *16s.*

ELEK BOOKS LIMITED LONDON — 14 & 15 Gt. James Street W.C.1

Duckworth Books

A Guide to Bridge Conventions

by NORMAN SQUIRE

With the increasing complexity of modern contract bridge, the ordinary player begins to need help in finding his way round the vast number of conventions currently in use for different purposes in bidding and the play of the cards.
Norman Squire, author of *The Theory of Bidding*, is the right person to give expert guidance in this field. "No book," he writes, "could include all conventions—universal, regional, local and individual; this book is therefore an anthology, a selection which may usefully be consulted by players of natural bridge. Bidding can never be an exact science, but frequently it can achieve absolute precision; conventions are an aid to this precision, and a wise choice can improve our results considerably."
A Guide to Bridge Conventions lists 120 conventions alphabetically, with their variations.
Demy 8vo. 15/- net (by post $2.50)

Also available

Bridge for Beginners
MOLLO & GARDENER (10/6)
Bridge Psychology
VICTOR MOLLO (10/6)
The Theory of Bidding
NORMAN SQUIRE (25/-)

3 Henrietta St. London WC2

EVERGREEN BOOKS

JUST PUBLISHED

The Brute and Other Farces
ANTON CHEKHOV
Translations by Eric Bentley and Theodore Hoffman of Chekhov's masterly comic plays. 10s 6d

Literary Reviews and Essays
HENRY JAMES
More than sixty essays, most of them previously uncollected, edited by Albert Mordell. 21s

Little Novels of Sicily
GIOVANNI VERGA
The youthful stories of one of Italy's greatest novelists, finely translated by D. H. Lawrence. 13s

Voices of Dissent:
A Collection of Articles from DISSENT Magazine.
Provocative essays from Norman Mailer, Richard Lowenthal, Paul Goodman and many others. 14s 6d

OTHER EVERGREEN TITLES:

Murphy 14s 6d
SAMUEL BECKETT

The Theatre and Its Double 10s 6d
ANTONIN ARTAUD

Rebel Without a Cause 12s 6d
ROBERT LINDNER

Parables for the Theatre 10s 6d
BERTOLT BRECHT

NOW AVAILABLE:

Evergreen Review No. 6 6s 6d

17 SACKVILLE STREET LONDON, W1

New Novels

The Captive and the Free. By JOYCE CARY. *Joseph.* 18*s.*

A Gap in the Spectrum. By MARILYN DUCKWORTH. *New Authors.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

A Travelling Woman. By JOHN WAIN. *Macmillan.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

The Affair. By HANS KONINGSBERGER. *Faber.* 15*s.*

Joyce Cary did not finish *The Captive and the Free*, but the novel, edited by Mrs Winifred Davin, is reasonably coherent. It is seldom fair to a writer for his drafts to be exposed, but it is always exciting to see a writer at work. Joyce Cary's method was particularly interesting.

> I sketch a plan; I may write the end, the middle, and the beginning, and very often just in this order . . . Then I ask myself where are the most difficult turns in the book. Then I may write one of these difficult passages . . . If it does work, then I may devise a beginning and finish the book.

The main scenes of *The Captive and the Free* have been written, but some things still have to be explained. His method accounts, I feel, for the static quality of some of Cary's books: everything has been settled, there is only to be explanation, no exploration, no chance discovery. Sometimes explanation failed, and there was the disjointedness of, say, *Prisoner of Grace*. Cary was interested in human behaviour only up to a point.

> All my books suffer large cuts, even in the last draft. This is largely because they are all statements about a single reality, in which every part is related to every other part.

Cary's later novels suffered from this preoccupation with ideas. They are prodigious efforts of the imagination; they are full of invention; their technique is dazzling. But they are laborious and academic. They may be statements about a single reality, but they are curiously removed from reality. Some quickening element is missing. It seems that Cary, in his ascetic pursuit of ideas, had denied himself the full use of his novelist's gifts.

Then there is Cary's concentration on oddities, and their curious relationships: the Wilcher-Sara-Gulley mix-up, the Nimmo-Latter menage. I have always found these relationships disconcerting. In the serious context of Cary's novels they seem frivolous and unconvincing.

The Captive and the Free repeats the pattern of the later Cary novel. It is intellectual and cold; characters are subservient to ideas. The subject is faith, and the main character, a typical Cary oddity, is Preedy, a faith-healer. He has found his own way to God; his gifts are genuine and he is sincere; at the same time he is shrewd, autocratic and even cruel. Not surprisingly, his deepest relationship is with a girl who, at the age of fourteen, had a baby by him. The baby dies because Preedy does not believe in doctors. Alice thinks Preedy is a fraud and a murderer, but she is attracted to him as a man and, in the end, when his Mission begins to collapse, refuses to leave him. Then there is Syson, the Anglican clergyman who, in attempting to expose Preedy as a fraud, examines his own beliefs, rejects them, and, like Preedy, finds his own way to God. These are the free. Everyone else is captive, to science, tradition, ambition, fear. They are all affected by Preedy, but they cannot grasp what he offers, and they withdraw, more firmly bound than ever. We are in the airless world of allegory. The action is not always immediately comprehensible; it has to be worked out and even so is sometimes difficult to follow. But the grandeur of Cary's vision cannot be denied. And in this book, written in such heroic circumstances, his grasp of technique is still astonishing.

A girl from New Zealand comes to spend a year in England. She lodges near Sloane Square, goes to the opera, meets friends of her family, gets a job as a mother's help; her parents, passing through on the way home, take her on a brisk tour of Europe; in Paris, on the way back, she allows herself to be seduced by a shabby suburban philanderer and for a short time they live, drearily, in sin in Redhill. A routine year, you might think. If you were very young and wanted to write a novel, how would you present this material? In *A Gap in the Spectrum* Mrs Duckworth pretends that her heroine is in the grip of some mental disorder and has forgotten her identity. The device is transparent and at times, when documentary zeal runs high, it is even abandoned; but it works for most of the time, and the novel ends on a striking note of horror. Of the 'New Authors' I have read Mrs Duckworth is easily the best. She writes very well, her dialogue is a joy, and she manages to give some pathos even to the stupid love affair.

A Travelling Woman is Mr John Wain's most accomplished novel and will sustain his reputation, established by *The Contenders*, as a writer of light romantic fiction. In this sort of writing people have a name, a sex, and very little else. They fall easily and predictably in and out of what they call love. They undergo conversions. ('So you know what it is to care about other people – to be interested in their happiness?' 'I do . . . I feel I *have* made an advance.') Life teaches them lessons of a certain sort. ('You'll learn one day that to be too attentive is the only forgivable fault a man can have.') This novel is about a man who sets out to have extra-marital relations. He gets sex but not of course love, and in the process loses the love of his wife. The sardonic end is rather perverse; everything has been so extraordinarily uncomplicated that there seems to be no reason why husband and wife should not fly to each other's arms in the last paragraph. Invention does not lie in merely devising a situation; it lies much more in filling a situation out, making it credible, giving it worth. *Hurry on Down* resembled *Decline and Fall*. *A Travelling Woman* resembles *A Handful of Dust*. It is idle to compare Mr Wain with Mr Waugh. You can talk for a long time without telling anyone what *A Handful of Dust* is. *A Travelling Woman* can be reduced, without loss, to an outline of its story.

The Affair, it should be said, is heterosexual. To tell the story would be to make this excellent novel sound very ordinary. Little happens; there is only the slow progress of a one-sided love affair in wartime Switzerland. Affairs have been treated so often that it would appear that there was nothing new to say. But Mr Koningsberger handles his subject with remarkable freshness. His novel is moving because it has the ring of truth. I recommend it warmly.

V. S. NAIPAUL

The Odyssey
A Modern Sequel
NIKOS KAZANTZAKIS
translated by KIMON FRIAR

SIR MAURICE BOWRA

"The story is of fascinating interest for its own sake. . . . The episodes are as exciting, unusual, dramatic and disturbing as we can wish, and we can never forecast what will happen next."

PATRICK LEIGH FERMOR

"What remains uppermost for the reader at the end of this long journey is the boldness and vigour and beauty of the poetry. It tunnels, gallops, soars, floats, explodes, sinks in golden rain, re-forms. Suns swoop and rotate. Tendrils twirl, leaves put forth and fall, pulses beat. We, like the devious city-sacking, curious, thoughtful and lonely king, have crossed dark woods, risen from flickering alcoves and stalked bloody handed down the corridors of palaces and held the tiller across hexametric seas."

MARY RENAULT

"One of this century's major imaginative achievements."

First edition sold out
New large edition shortly
Illustrated £3.3.0.

Secker & Warburg

Jolly Old Strindberg

The People of Hemsö. By AUGUST STRINDBERG. Translated by E. H. SCHUBERT. *Cape.* 15*s.*

In the middle of *Miss Julie*, it will be remembered, the peasants come in to dance their interlude; and such, in the works of Strindberg, is this novel, *The People of Hemsö*. Before it stands, or reels, *The Father*; after, comes leaping *The Defence of a Madman*. Both these turbulent works represent the literary murder of his first wife, with the verdict of Not Guilty passed on and by himself. *The People of Hemsö* forgets Siri von Essen, the dog fed on chops that should have gone to the master, and remembers a visit to the islands. Perhaps to enjoy it thoroughly a true Strindbergian would dash to take all three works at a gallop, the old hells with the new idyll; but such devotion is hardly to be expected from a reviewer. At this late date a mild surprise, a relaxed pleasure instead of the usual sensation of a spring overwound, is all that can be hoped for.

And *The People of Hemsö* does very pleasantly interrupt those manias, now stereotyped, that crystallise about the name Strindberg. It may be, as Mr P. F. D. Tennant assures us in an Introduction, a reflection of the peasant novels of Auerbach and Jeremias Gotthelf; an introduction that didn't casually stun with such knowledge would hardly be an introduction. (Though we may seek in vain, for example, the date when this novel was written.) Apparently, late one August, it was dashed off in a 'roistering' mood, when he sat down to enjoy himself and – publishers being speedier in those days – to catch the Christmas market. In fact, despite Gotthelf, *The People of Hemsö* comes lively and free of its times (the Eighties) and even to some extent of Strindberg himself. In the current market it probably wouldn't be given the top of the novel column; faults would be pointed out in the translation (peasants exclaiming 'Goodness me' and 'Bless my bones'), the author's habit of cataloguing rooms and landscapes, a rapid and sketchy vigour. But the story is a good one: a mainlander comes into a peasant-and-fisher community, brings 'improvements', marries the ageing widow who employs him, tries to make a quick fortune in mining and is diddled, and finally gets drowned

among the ice. This tale of the struggle to power and defeat of a man with more strength than wits succeeds in lightly embedding us in the slow amphibious life of an island community which had fascinated Strindberg as a visitor and which is reflected here in the holiday visits of a musician and his family. The people, like the neglected cattle, the game and duck shooting, the midnight fishing expeditions, are seen from the outside. But they are sketched from life, so that Strindberg used afterwards to say that he would never dare go back for fear of what they might do to him. Perhaps the most striking character is a tough old drunken minister, the Reverend Nordström, whose doubtful apotheosis comes with the wedding, to a sound of beer bottles bursting in the sun outside, and the three days' celebrations when enmities and friendships jostle, and the old villain, after collapsing on the bed of those he has just married, gets ducked in a pond swimming with fish-guts. The last 50 pages of the novel rise to a giddy reel that more than compensates for the progress leading up to it, neither quite so jolly nor so exciting as Strindberg had hoped. Some of Strindberg's friends complained that they found it dull. This is hardly fair. But its therapeutic effect on the author certainly reaches us from more of a distance than he intended.

The fact is that, although a jolly Strindberg has some novelty, it can't rank very high among jollities; and one can't help sighing for the nightmare that, we know, is just round the corner.

G. W. STONIER

Down on Your Knees

Popular Religion: Inspirational Books in America. By LOUIS SCHNEIDER and S. M. DORNBUSCH. *Cambridge: Chicago.* 34*s.*

Religion in the United States is booming. The packed churches, the Lenten posters exhorting one to worship in the lunch break, the Grace inscribed on menus by obliging restaurant proprietors (Catholic, Jewish and Protestant in tactful alphabetical order), leave little room for doubt. Yet what is the religion which people frenetically demand? Uneasily one suspects the content of belief is held irrelevant, one dogma is as good as another, any brand will do. This heavily footnoted study by Messrs. Schneider and Dornbusch confirms this suspicion and raises many more. Their analysis of 46 religious best-sellers, from Charlotte M. Yonge to Norman Vincent Peale, presents religion not as an ethical system with astringent demands for sacrifice, but as a dispenser of comfort, an easy escape from vexations, a pious ideological weapon in the interests of class and nation, a lobbying for favours in the Congress of the Almighty. Religion will bring you wealth, health, peace of mind, power, prestige and success. Throw your bread upon the waters, say the Scriptures, and these authors might add: 'It works.' God the judge, God the punisher, makes no appearance in their pages, which is not surprising, for evil itself is banished as chimerical, an unnecessary by-product of negative reflection and surrender to depressing thoughts. 'God is a twenty-four-hour station', cries Mary Pickford, 'All you have to do is to plug in. And then you can have and use all the Love, all the Power, all the Courage, all the Energy, all the Cheerfulness, all the Activity, and all the Kindliness of God.' Religion, quotes Mr Peale approvingly, 'is a useful mechanism for preventing energy leaks'. The foundation principles of business success and of Christianity itself are both the same', says Russell H. Conwell reassuringly. But my favourite is Bruce Barton's epitome of the messianic mission: 'He picked up twelve men from the bottom ranks of business and forged them into an organisation that conquered the world.'

Is it fair to sneer? Is not such language a mere technique used to convey the Christian message to the unsophisticated American of today? Perhaps, but language is more than a device and the majesty of the Bible's Lord of Hosts is sensibly diminished by employing the tactics and sales jargon of Madison Avenue. Worse, the method alters the message itself. What has the optimism, the individualism, the this-worldliness of these 46 authors to do with traditional Christian religion and its emphasis on the misery as well as the glory of man? How can one reconcile their neat formulas for happiness with exile in a vale of tears? Where have we heard their teaching before? Surely it is merely American secular utopianism masquerading in a religious dress. Unhappily, the authors have no saving sense of irony.

NORMAN ST JOHN-STEVAS

High Enjoyment

Climbing the Fish's Tail. By WILFRID NOYCE. *Heinemann.* 18*s.*

The Puma's Claw. By SIMON CLARK. *Hutchinson.* 21*s.*

Geoffrey Winthrop Young, in one of his last articles, had some plain words for climbing writers today. You have tremendous experiences, he said in effect, and you write terrible books, because you don't have the courage of your emotions. Wilfrid Noyce and Simon Clark had the tremendous experiences – on ice peaks of superb beauty and difficulty, one in Nepal, the other in the Andes of Peru – but they also have the courage of their emotions, and it is this that lifts their writing far above the dismal run of expedition books. This doesn't mean that they go in for mysticism, uplift or endless self-questionings ('I went to Peru,' says Mr Clark, 'to prove nothing about myself or anything else; but for the same reason that I climb, for the hell of it'), but it does mean that they are firmly and rightly personal: 'This is the tale of what the Puma's Claw meant to me, one of seven'.

Machapuchare, or the Fish's Tail, was the personal discovery of a Gurkha officer, James Roberts, who found it, reconnoitred it, set his heart on climbing it and – seeing it would technically be a very stiff job – secured Wilfrid Noyce to lead the attack. Early on, Roger Chorley was struck by polio at Camp I – they thought it was altitude sickness – and had to be carried down to hospital: Roberts chose to escort him, thus putting paid to his own chances of getting to the top. Not that anyone did: Noyce and Cox, after almost four weeks of stamping trails, cutting steps, fixing ropes – even at one point a rope-ladder – and tunnelling through an ice-ridge, found themselves halted about 150 feet below the top, 'with four or five columns of blue ice, like the claws of some great dragon, thrusting up each to its place on the summit ridge'. It was snowing hard; they remembered their wives and children; and turned back, counting themselves lucky to have got so far on such an improbable route, lucky to have been stopped so firmly, with no temptation to gamble.

The Cambridge party that went to Peru in the same year, average age 22, had no wives or children to worry about, and they would probably have found it harder to be philosophical if they'd had to stop short of the top. But all seven members of the expedition, in three successive waves,

JOYCE CARY
his last novel
The Captive and the Free
18/-

WE JOINED THE NAVY
John Winton's
hilarious first novel of naval cadets
13/6

HENRY CECIL
a new novel by the author of "Brothers in Law"
Settled Out of Court
March 16 *13/6*

AUDREY HULME
a novel of solicitors and family life
Lawyer's Folly
13/6

MICHAEL JOSEPH

More value wines

Claret

CHÂTEAU RAUSAN-SÉGLA

MARGAUX 1950

11/6 per bottle

Only limited stock available of this truly magnificent claret

•

Alsatian

SYLVANER SPÄTLESE

RÉSERVE SPECIALE 1955

Medium dry

10/- per bottle

This delightful medium dry wine can be enjoyed at any time from the aperitif to the sweet.

•

Orders for 3 bottles or more delivered carriage paid. Orders for 1 or 2 bottles please add 2/6 for packing and delivery.

Order direct from

LYONS HOP EXCHANGE CELLARS

(J. Lyons & Company Ltd)

26 SOUTHWARK STREET LONDON SE1
HOP 0425

For a full list of value wines available write for Wine List G1

reached the meringue-like summit after surmounting obstacles whose names – the Egg, the Mushroom – perhaps reflected the active appetites of these cheerful undergraduates: the climax of the story is not the top, but the whacking great celebration feast when all were safely back at base. This is very well rendered: but in his next book Mr Clark must leave nearly all the expedition jokes in the decent obscurity of his diary.

Pumasillo, 20,490 feet, seems to be a fantastic erection of ice-fall, ice-cliff, and avalanche grooves on snow which, owing to a quirk of the Andean climate, lies at an angle impossible in the Alps. At 18,000 feet they had to grapple with the Flutings – giant grooves of ice set at 50 degrees – and, no sooner up, they were faced with a bulge which could only be got over by artificial methods. Out came the ice-pitons, hammers and *étriers* – two- or three-runged rope-ladders which, attached to pegs, act as footholds – and, although before this he had only done artificial climbing on rock, Simon Clark pegged and hoisted himself up an ice-chimney to force the crux of the climb.

> As I took an *étrier* from round my neck it snagged another, and both came off. Before I could stop it, the loose one dropped past my feet, and hurried down the groove below, faster and faster until I saw it no more. Its loss made me feel breathless and unnerved. It was like muffing your lines.

Only very good climbers, very sure of themselves and very well organised, could have taken such a place in their stride – I don't think anything so tricky had been done so high before this. And Mr Clark has taken a lot of trouble to organise his book, too: everything is very clear and easy to follow, from the approach by mule-train to the last tot of rum after the victory feast. But it isn't just his good design, nor his ability to render difficult physical action, that makes *The Puma's Claw* the most enjoyable English mountain book for years. Too often we forget that the founding fathers of our sport, authors of the sacred texts that have sent successive generations off to the hills, were young men when they did their best work: Whymper, 25 on the Matterhorn; A. W. Moore, 24 on the Brenva Ridge. Young men don't often now have the chance to climb an absolutely new, absolutely first-class peak, except as members of some expedition weighed down by a sense of mission or national prestige. Slung round with their ironmongery, Simon Clark, John Longland and their friends belonged firmly to 1957 in their technique – they wouldn't have got up Pumasillo without it – but by taking to these farther ranges the spirit of a cheerful Alpine holiday they recaptured, for themselves, and for the reader, the high Victorian zest of the men who made the Alps their playground.

JANET ADAM SMITH

The Proper Study

Can Man be Modified? By JEAN ROSTAND. *Secker & Warburg.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

M. Rostand considers biology 'an irreplaceable element in humanistic education': it is not only that, as he says, a fairly advanced scientific education is needed to distinguish between false or imagined marvels and real ones; it is also that biology obliges us to face important facts at close quarters, while the physical sciences are usually studied at a relatively high level of abstraction. The facts that M. Rostand is concerned with in this essay make a mixed bag: they include experiments in which the embryonic development of laboratory animals is interfered with, so that (for instance) fatherless animals or multiple twins are produced; the researches which lead to the possibility of propagating human beings by cuttings; and the alteration of the human personality by brain surgery.

Despite this diversity, the facts given are far too few: as in so much French scientific writing, there is a great deal of form but little content. Literary allusions are sprinkled throughout, but the reader will not learn just how far embryologists, neurologists and others have gone towards founding an actual Brave New World.

This is unfortunate, because M. Rostand has some good points to make, and a subject – the biological control of man by man – which urgently needs public discussion. M. Rostand is an optimist. He dismisses the dangers of world food shortage on the grounds that science can prevent it (but he does not discuss the problems of ensuring that the knowledge we have is actually put to use). He responds in a similar way to other, more nightmarish, fears – or phobias: for instance, he rejects the notion that the brain is 'really' a machine, and derides the idea that men will be replaced by machines and so be relieved of the need to work; to worry about this is like fearing that one's wife will become too beautiful.

M. Rostand's picture of biological man, in so far as it is disclosed, is of a species unique in having ceased to evolve; now that complex systems of production and social organisation have been developed, it is societies that will change, not human physiology or structure. This is, in fact, an assumption: we do not know just what genetical changes are going on in human populations, but there is evidence that they *are* going on (and that some of them are 'eugenic' in their effects). On eugenics we find only vague statements, apart from entertaining historical gobbets: the relevant facts, which are many and complicated, are not even hinted at. This is particularly unfortunate because the professional pessimists, who rely on a half-baked genetics that sounds impressive to the layman, are still vociferous.

We may agree with M. Rostand on the importance of biology as an humanity; but, even if we disregard misstatements on points of fact and some odd mistranslations (such as 'matrix' for 'uterus'), it seems unlikely that this short book will influence many readers in its favour.

ANTHONY BARNETT

Week-end Competition

No. 1,516 **Set by Violon d'Ingres**

The usual prizes are offered for a contemporary description (whether in letters, diaries or newspapers) of an exhibition of paintings by Oliver Cromwell, Sir Robert Walpole, Lord North, Lord Chatham, William Pitt, the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel or Disraeli. Limit 150 words; entries by 24 March.

No. 1,513 **Set by Maurice Cassel**

In the past the theatre has provided songs for the policeman, sentry, the Lord Chancellor, the cobbler and many others. The usual prizes are offered for part of a vocational song for one of the following: columnist, schoolmaster, civil servant, TV comedian, air-hostess, dramatic critic, window-dresser or publican. Limit 12 lines.

Report

Sacred or profane, for morning chores with electronic organ or for evening solo, the Schoolmaster's Song poured in:

> Min of Ed, Min of Ed, hear us, O Lloyd!
> Give us the status that once we enjoyed.

(D. R. Peddy)

Books, books, books, books, mounting up and up again;
Marks, marks, marks, marks, dotted on the columned page;
Meals, meals, milk, milk, heaping on the master's plate;
There's no escape from the bell. (G. J. Blundell)

The Civil Servant sings more serenely, though 'The post-breakfast crossword puzzle keeps me quite unfairly late' (R. M. Anthony). A long list of highly commended includes: H. A. C. Evans, B. B. Causer, Angela Kirby, Vera Telfer, Jeremiah Sowerby, and John Bee.

Prize money divided among those printed.

SCHOOLMASTER

When it's time for *Lord, behold us with thy blessing,*
And the end of term is ninety preps. away;
When your creditors are very, very pressing,
And the Union's just turned down some extra pay;
When you hear that you're about to be inspected,
When young Scroggins has *that look* upon his face,
When the Speech Day boy soprano you selected
Changes overnight into a double bass;
When your drama group is ruined by the rumbles
Of the Country Dancing class down in the Hall;
When the Staff Room's full of disputatious grumbles—
That's the time, of course, we like it best of all.
RUSSELL EDWARDS

There are openings in Industry, the Sunday papers say,
But when I got a Lower Third the firms refused to play;
In the Battle of the Bulge then I found my true vocation,
From nine till four I tend the torch—
Compulsory Education.

I don't try to make them love me: *'Oderint dum metuant'*;
I just keep the plebs in order, to listen while I rant.
Unless the bruises show there's no chance of litigation.
I'm the NUT and the AMA
Thring and Education!

I'm a pedagogue and proud of it, a qualified preceptor;
I control the country's future with my chalky little sceptre.
With the words Eleven Plus I can paralyse the nation,
So long live Hall and Stevens, Gabbitas,
Thring and Education!
JOHN WELCH

Bless the parent-teachers' meeting,
Bless caretakers and the heating,
Bless the playground duty rotas,
Bless all managers and voters.

Pack another pupil in
Pack him tightly in the gym
All I want is loving you
And Burnham—Burnham—Burnham.

Bless the head and his relations,
Bless the staff and its migrations,
Bless IQ's and laws of slander,
Bless Ronald Gould and Alexander.
GRANVILLE GARLEY

DRAMATIC CRITIC

I'm the most dramatic critic of them all!
My passages are purple as a pall.
I pose, I strike an attitude, pile platitude on platitude,
And utter nasty comments from my stall.
I'm the most loquacious critic of the lot.
My stock of clichés always piping hot.
When things start getting dodgy I fumble for my Roget
And find fifty different ways to say 'What rot!'

I'm the sharpest shooting critic 'neath the sun—
I can prick the proudest playwright with a pun.
I will make the feeblest witticism take the place of criticism,
While I pop the hoary chestnuts one by one.
HILARY

CIVIL SERVANT

My father served in Education,
Brothers in the C of E.
Even mother worked in Whitehall
And she sang this song to me.

What did we say last time?
What did we do before?
What passed muster? Fetch the file—
Do as we did once more.

Now I'm Under-Secretary
In the Treasury. Each day
Curtly marking cautious minutes
'Speak'; and later on I say—
W. J. ELLERBY

City Lights

Detractorisation

Standard Motor and Massey-Ferguson, it seems, are finally to part. Standard, under a contract which still has seven years to run, has been supplying Massey with large numbers of tractors from its Coventry factory and sending quantities of parts and engines for assembly in Detroit: tractors have become a large, probably the larger part of its business. But Massey has for some time been anxious to end this arrangement and manufacture its own tractors from start to finish. A bid for Standard at one time seemed the obvious solution, and Massey quietly accumulated a sizeable shareholding to help it on its way; but the bid when it came was too niggardly to be successful and its only effect was to create bad blood between the two companies.

A couple of months ago Massey made a more successful bid for Perkins, a large diesel engine manufacturer, and people began to wonder whether it might try to circumvent Standard even before the contract expired. But contracts have their awkward clauses: negotiations are now going on for Massey to buy from Standard its tractor business, and the proposed price is said to be in the region of £13m. Shareholders, only too aware that profits must fall sharply for a time, have their tongues out for a return of capital. They may not get much. Standard, which recently acquired Beans Industries (ironfounders) and Mulliners (body-builders), will probably want to spend a large part of its money on the rapid development of its motor business. The merger talks with Rover which fizzled out in 1954 have now been taken up again.

* * *

Competition between the hire-purchase finance houses certainly exists, even if it seldom has the effect of bringing down the rates charged to the public. The squeeze on the little men has scarcely begun but the giants are already bickering among themselves. When controls on HP were removed last summer, most of the large finance houses were anxious to protect themselves against the risk of bad debts by enforcing a minimum deposit of 20 per cent. on motor car deals. But United Dominions Trust, a very big noise indeed in the motor business, set the cat deftly among the pigeons by announcing that it was ready to finance car sales on the basis of a ten per cent. deposit and repayment over three years. The row came out into the open this week when the

COMPANY MEETING

NATIONAL AND GRINDLAYS BANK

A SOUND BUSINESS.

The annual general meeting of the National and Grindlays Bank Limited will be held on 7 April in London.

The following is an extract from the circulated statement by the Chairman, Mr J. K. Michie:

The total of our balance-sheet at £151,491,479 shows a reduction of £10,613,714 on the amalgamated figure for the year 1957. Our net profit is also lower by £55,783 at £371,707 arrived at, as usual, after providing for taxation, for bad and doubtful debts and for other necessary reservations. Two interim dividends of 7½ per cent. have been declared; the total distribution, therefore, being unchanged at 15 per cent.

The reasons for the smaller profit figure are several. One which will be non-recurring is the inescapable expenditure in connection with the amalgamation which though limited by all possible means was still considerable. Then, apart from the ever increasing competition which is a feature of banking in the East and in East and Central Africa—in some cases from growing indigenous banks and in others from new entrants in the field, or from both—in none of our territories were conditions more favourable for bankers and in most they were more difficult than in recent times.

On the other side of the slate British Government securities staged a considerable rise during the year and our inner reserves have benefited in consequence. Incidentally, it has been and still is the policy of the bank to meet out of current income depreciation in the values of what can be termed 'local' securities held by branches but we do not 'write up' such securities should they appreciate but leave the reserve untouched until realisation or maturity.

As to our immediate future we have a sound business and a good and loyal staff to whom we are again beholden. Although we have difficulties to contend with, some of which are new and unpalatable, I am sure that we shall as in the past, surmount or adjust ourselves to them.

Page by Page

That is how the C.W.S Bank calculates the commission for personal accounts, and for a ledger page of about 32 entries the charge is 5/-. Thus you know what the account will cost you, and don't forget that interest is allowed on current account credit balances and that all customers have access to the full banking services available.

You will find it worth while asking for particulars

C.W.S. BANK, P.O. BOX 101, MANCHESTER 4
Please send me your illustrated folder with terms of accounts, etc.
Name.....
Address.....
London Office: 99 Leman Street, E.1.
Sub-Offices: Kingsway and Westminster
BRANCHES AND AGENCIES EVERYWHERE

chairman of Wagon Finance remarked in his annual statement that it was now not unusual for large finance houses to do motor business on a deposit as low as ten per cent: such business, he added nastily, would probably lead to an increase in bad debts which might have serious consequences if there were to be a trade recession. Mr Gibson Jarvie, the chairman of UDT, is more used to digging than being dug and promptly issued a statement of his own: these remarks, if applied generally, could well be misleading . . . UDT had always relied on the creditworthiness of the customer rather than on the merchandise as the real security for payment of debt . . . its bad debts had never exceeded a fraction of one per cent.

Motor cars, of course, are expensive and tempting. As soon as they are sold they drop in market value and the HP house has to pay its agent his commission. With a ten per cent. deposit, there is no chance of selling except at a loss for some considerable time, and the security which forms the basis for hire-purchase is largely illusory. The credit business is leaving HP behind, and Mr Jarvie has a point; but there is still no national service here, as there is in the US, to provide everyone with a safe credit rating, and it is understandable that Mr Jarvie's colleagues should feel nervous.

* * *

It is a little surprising to find US discount rates being raised from 2½ to three per cent. just after a Federal Reserve Board spokesman had complained that the level of unemployment was preventing a tougher monetary policy. There seem to be two explanations – the Board's inflationary psychosis and the Treasury's difficulties in raising money in the market. Wall Street has so far taken it calmly.

* * *

Lord Portal and Mr Cunliffe did not resign from the board of British Aluminium but left it a choice of words which at the time suggested compensation. It is now proposed that Lord Portal, who has been a director since 1951, should get £30,000 tax free and Mr Cunliffe, who has been a director since before the war, should get £58,000 tax free. Tube Investments has got off relatively lightly. It recently cost Hawker Siddeley £75,000 when Sir Frank Spriggs gave up his position as managing director.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 487. The Fine Art of Compromise

Since everybody's got to practise it somehow and sometimes, it ought to be a fine art, particularly for the editors of tournament books, torn between the extremes of a mere collection of un-annotated game-scores or a handsomely illustrated book to give us round-by-round descriptions and to make the personalities of the contestants and the dramatic thrills of their contest come alive. That, alas, costs a lot of time and money, hence the *B.C.M.* chose the commendable compromise of speedily producing 1958 *International Tournament Portoroz* at a mere 14*s*. On 60 closely (and yet neatly) stencilled pp. it gives us all the games, as well as tables and indices of openings and endings and a lucidly written and well documented introduction by *A. S. Russell*, telling the reader all he ought to know about the background of the regular cycle of qualification—and candidates' tournaments, the well organised setting at Portoroz, the personalities of the contestants and a hint or two on their best games at Portoroz. That's a great deal and almost all one could ask for, my only grudge being that perfection could have been attained by just a few more pages to allow for a modicum of game-comments, even if not much more than bracketed question and exclamation marks for alternative moves.

In their book of the Munich Team Tournament *Kampf der Nationen* (*de Gruyter, DM.* 12.80) the editors *A. Brinckmann* and *K. Richter* compromised at the expense of complete coverage by picking the plums only, thereby gaining space for neat (and often witty) treatment and for accommodating 25 well picked photos, 96 diagrams and 50 tables on 124 pp. Among the most interesting tables are those giving all the facts and figures on previous Team Tournaments and the steady growth of the event. As for the choice games and game-positions I face such an *embarras de richesse* that I had better compromise by confining myself to the feathers in the caps of some of our own men. Here's a brevity won by Penrose against Szukszta (Poland).

(1) P-K4, P-QB4; (2) Kt-KB3, Kt-Kb3; (3) Kt-B3, Kt-B3; (4) P-Q4, P-Q4; (5) KP x P, KKt x P; (6) B-QKt5, Kt x Kt; (7) P x Kt, P-K3; (8) O-O, B-K2; (9) Q-K2, O-O; (10) R-Q1, B-Q2; (11) B-KB4, R-B1; (12) P x P, P-QR3; (13) B x Kt, R x B; (14) Kt-K5, R-B2; (15) P-B6!, P x P; (16) Q-Q3!, B-B1; (17) Q-Kt3! B-Q3; (18) R x B!, Q x R; (19) Kt-Q3, Q-Q4; (20) B x R resigns.

And here an even quicker win by Clarke against Tarazi (Lebanon).

(1) P-K4, P-QB3; (2) P-Q4, P-Q4; (3) P-K5, B-B4; (4) P-KB4, P-K3; (5) Kt-KB3, P-B4; (6) B-Q3, Kt-KR3; (7) P-B3, Kt-B3; (8) O-O, Q-Kt3; (9) B x B, Kt x B; (10) P x P, B x P ch; (11) K-R1, P-KR4; (12) P-QKt4, B-K6; (13) P-QR4, P-R5; (14) P-R5, Kt-Kt6 ch; (15) Resigns.

Here, finally—to serve as **A**, the 4-pointer for beginners—is a position achieved by Wade when White against Lokvenc (Austria). /8/1r2rkp1/2R1p2p/2Rktp3/2B5/1P4P1/5PKP/8/. Black (with a poor game anyway) blundered by . . . P-K5, thereby giving our man the chance of forcing resignation in a couple of moves. How?

The useful hint that there are as many as 5 echo-variations of a Bishop sacrifice should make **B** a very easy 6-pointer. It's a win, same as **C** which shouldn't be too difficult either for 7 ladder-points. Usual prizes. Entries by 23 March.

B: Leonid Kubbel 1927

C: V. Bron 1946

REPORT on No. 484. Set 21 February.

A: (1) . . . Q-Kt8??; (2) QxRP ch, KxQ: (3) R-R3 ch, K-Kt3 (4) R-R6 mate.

B: (1) P-B5 ch!, KxP; (2) K-B1! (K-B2?), P-B6; (3) K-K1! and puts Black in *zugzwang* after . . . P-Kt5; (4) PxP ch, KxP; (5) K-K2! etc.

But *not* (1) K-B2?? on account of . . . P-B6: (2) K-K2, PxP; (3) PxP, K-Q4 etc.

C: (1) P-B7, R-KB1; (2) P-K6, P-Kt3!; (3) K-Kt7!, K-B4; (4) P-K7!!, RxP; (5) K-R6!, RxP stalemate.

None too easy, but quite a few correct or near correct solutions. Prizes: C. Allen, W. H. L. Brooking, J. P. Ford, F. R. Oliver, J. J. Walsh.

ASSIAC

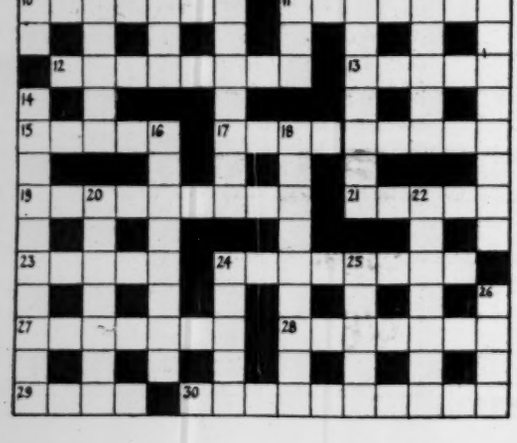
Emanuel Lasker

ASSIAC has translated and edited J. HANNAK's definitive biography of one of the world's greatest Chess Masters: a detailed and sympathetic study of a fascinating man. Over a hundred of Lasker's games are reproduced. Diagrams. 25/-

ANDRE DEUTSCH

Week-end Crossword 346

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 346, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 24 Mar.



ACROSS

1. Possible penny plain role for a playwright (10).
6. Love is the reverse of painful (4).
10. Instrument of objection to a dismissal (7).
11. Relations with a decoration up: it is a flower (7).
12. Spring holds me towards my native place (8).
13. 'The ——— Common Room stank of Logic' (5).
15. Bed for a hen (5).
17. Dressing, for it turns colder in the river (4, 5).
19. Richardson's hero discovers me in the descendant (9).
21. There would be little time left if the saint purged himself of evil (5).
23. Town excursions (5).
24. Wake before the West is in difficult circumstances (8).
27. Most handy for the listener in the home (7).
28. Flavour which starts making the leaders sick (7).
29. Back catches for a gun (4).
30. This place supported an irritation (10).

DOWN

1. Those who are very much superior make junior officers hot (4).
2. House to ruin a politician, by the sound of it (7).
3. Not base coin (5).
4. Charms companions of deaths (9).
5. Popular with the central American (5).
7. Rest like the pensive Selima (7).
8. An addition almost entirely of people who are easily bent (10).
9. They promise the goods in expresses (8).
14. Flowers and music are a means of paving the way (10).
16. The food is shared unsystematically (8).
18. Transport which will not do for the sea dog (9).
20. Flatter two parties in one day (7).
22. Just the busybody to damage an allotment! (7).
24. Breakdown for an old cricketer (5).
25. Celebrated a victory with Kingsley (5).
26. Degree and honour for a composer (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 344

R	O	S	E	H	I	P	S		R	A	N	C	I	D
E		T		O		E			M		H		O	
C	H	A	R	T	I	N	G		R	E	T	A	I	N
I		R		E		E			R		P		A	
P	A	R	A	L	Y	T	I	C		I	S	L	E	T
E		Y				R		A		C		A	I	
			G	R	A	N	U	L	A	T	I	O	N	
F		T		R		T		L		N		N	G	
L	I	A	B	I	L	I	T	I	E	S				
O		X		L		N		F			M		B	
U	R	I	E	L		G	A	L	V	A	N	I	S	E
N		A		R			O		P		N		G	
C	O	R	T	O	T		S	W	A	P	P	I	N	G
E		C		O			E		L		M		E	
S	C	H	E	M	E		F	R	E	E	H	A	N	D

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 344

Miss D. Hargreaves (Bolton)
Mrs E. Stevens (London N10)
Mrs L. G. Geddie (Edinburgh 13)

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

VISIT THE SOVIET UNION

and see for yourself!

19 days by sea ..... 59 gns.

14 days, out by sea, back KLM 72 gns. visiting Leningrad & Moscow.

Full details in book No. 5 sent FREE by return of post.

CONTOURS LTD
72 Newman St, LONDON, W1.

Tel. MUSeum 8499.

WINGS FOR YOUR HOLIDAYS

Let this year be your discovery year, to find out for yourself how much the comfort and speed of air travel adds to a Continental holiday – and how little it adds to the cost. Fortnight-long holidays at comfortable hotels, airport coaches, meals on planes, representatives services, etc., at a charge scarcely higher than normal air fares alone. Write or phone now for illustrated brochure of tours to Spain, Portugal, Italy, Norway, Austria, Yugoslavia, Greece and the Canary Islands.

WINGS LIMITED,
48W Park Road, Baker Street, London, NW1.

AMBassador 1001.

EASTER HOLIDAYS

Enjoy Spring weather and good company at one of our Easter parties in Britain (Sussex, Berkshire, Kent or Devon), in Paris, Italy (Rome and Amalfi), in the South of France or ski-ing in Switzerland or Austria. Special Easter arrangements for teenagers in Paris and Italy, also a variety of teenage holidays in the summer.

ERNA LOW TRAVEL SERVICE
47(NS) Old Brompton Road, London, SW7
KEN. 0911 & 8881

PRAGUE SPRING

International Music Festival

(12 May – 3 June)

10 days PRAGUE by air 46 gns. (flying BEA, KLM, Sabena, etc.). Seats for concerts 3s. to 15s. Programme of festival & Czech holiday book (No. 3) sent FREE by return of post.

CONTOURS LTD
72 Newman St, LONDON, W1.
Tel. MUSeum 8499.

OFF the Beaten Track in 1959. We have planned a series of unusual holidays with a spice of adventure about them. We shall be pleased to send a copy of our illustrated programme to people seeking unconventional holidays. A Few Examples: Exploring the Dalmatian Islands by Fishing Boat . . Walking Tours in the Julian Alps or Ost Tirol . . . Camping in Corsica . . . Unconventional sightseeing tours in Sicily, Greece, etc. . . . Walking the 'King's Trail' through Arctic Lapland . . . Through the Iron Gates to Macedonia . . . Holiday centres in Slovenia and at Monterosso on the Italian Riviera . . . Climbing courses in the Austrian Tyrol. Ramblers' Association Services Ltd, 48 Park Rd, London, NW1. AMB. 1001.

SPAIN for the individualist. Let the Spanish Holiday Agency, Blanes, Costa Brava, book your hotel from its 'recommended' list.

SOUTHERN England! This is new, undiscovered territory, if you see it from the deck of a comfortable charter cruiser. Go where you like on 1,000 miles of Britain's forgotten inland waterway system. Less hurried, least crowded, least-known holiday of all. Brochure from Aylesbury Boat Company, The Canal Basin, Aylesbury, Bucks.

PROTRAVEL have something for everyone. Write now for your copy of our 1959 booklet, 'Better Holidays'. Protravel (NS), 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, London, W1 (behind Peter Robinson). LANgham 3101.

SWITZERLAND 8 days 16½ gns. small pty. Duke, 12 Callcott St, W8. FAR. 6806.

HOLIDAY in Bulgaria (Sofia & Varna), 29 Aug.-12 Sept. (6 days' rail), £45 inclusive for members of the Society for Friendship with Bulgaria only. Particulars from SFB, 42 Tavistock St, WC2 (COV. 1453).

PS. Harold Ingham has arranged two parties to visit Prague to study Art and Architecture & to make a number of interesting excursions – 22 days – 44 gns. inclusive; other similar parties to Rome, Venice, Florence, Naples, Barcelona & Madrid; also Language Study Courses & parties to Music Festivals. Programme from Harold Ingham Ltd, 15 St John's Road, Harrow. HAR. 1040.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL—continued

PARIS at Easter. A Party of young people & students still has a few vacs. 10 days £15. London Atelier, 1 Manchester Sq, W1.

WHERE TO STAY

COTSWOLD Hills. Cottage guest house. Exc. cen.; gd food. 17s. 6d. dly; 5 gns. wkly. (Afternoon teas extra). Broch.: Tansley, Yew Trees, Cockleford, Cowley, Cheltenham.

THAMES-side Beauty Spot for your holidays, Croft House Hotel, Burcot, nr Oxford. Tennis/billiards. Reg. Club. AA, RAC.

ACCOMMODATION Country Inn, Centre of Devon. Full board or b. & b. Box 6672.

BORTH nr Aberystwyth. Hol. accom. 22-29 Aug. 50 yds from sands. V. reasonable. Big reduction children under 12. Box 6783.

PORTMEIRION announces the re-opening of the hotel for Easter, as usual, after the extensive reconditioning. Penrhyndeudraeth 228

PENDINE Sands. Homely comfortable accommodation, beautiful country & coastal scenery, safe bathing. Good table, home produce, 7 guineas; special terms for family party. Few vacs August. Tel. Pendine 226. Llethr, Pendine, Carmarthenshire.

SUSSEX. 12 mls Eastbourne. Acres wooded grounds. Own produce. Everything home made. Vegetarians welcome. From 6½ gns. Whinrig Guest House, Horam 211.

COTSWOLDS. Vegetarian Guest House in four-acre garden on the southern slopes of Cotswold Hills. Broch.: Kathleen Keleny, Coombe Lodge, Wotton-under-Edge, Glos.

PORTHLEVEN. Tye Rock Hotel, adjoining beach; views Land's End-Lizard; quiet comfort. 'Home' cooking. AA & RAC recom. S.a.e. for brochure.

PEMBROKESHIRE. Historic house, woods, lakes, own farm, modern amenities, sea near. Lockley, Orielton, Pembroke.

BUCKS. Tapping House Hotel, Great Missenden; a charming 17th-century house in the lovely Chiltern Hills; London 1 hour; comfort, excellent food, h. & c., central htg. throughout. RAC and AA approval. Tel. 2516.

KESWICK: Highfield Vegetarian Guest House – The Heads. Wonderful scenery, good food. Tel. 508. Write Anne Coupe.

BLUE Idol Guest House, Coolham, Horsham, Sussex. Lovely modernised house with William Penn assocns. Write Wardens.

DEVON. Pentagon Guest House, Stoke Fleming, Dartmouth. In delightful grounds, glorious scenery, near Blackpool Sands. Ideal for Spring hol. Good food, comfort, h. & c. all bedrms. Own produce, poultry. (No children under 5.) Stoke Fleming 231.

FARM Holidays – 1959 Farm Holiday Guide describes Britain's best farm and country guest houses, county by county, illustrated. Price 3s. 6d. (postage 6d.). Farm Guide (NS), 18 High St, Paisley.

PONY Trekking in the beautiful hills of the Scottish borders. A superb holiday! Brochure with pleasure from Toftcombs Hotel, Biggar, Scotland.

IF you can't afford the Continent but like the food, sun, sea & country there is an old stone cottage at Salcombe taking a few guests. Demi-pension 7 gns. p.w. Box 6397.

BOURNEMOUTH, Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel. 1944. 33 rms. 150 yards sea front. Gdns., putting green, garages. Superlative food. Easter 9 gns. Summer 9-12½ gns.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure, Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on and off the beaten track round Britain's coast and country, 5s post free from Victor Hilton (NS), Sundial House, Torquay.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully & remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains nr Llyn Geriionydd. Modern comfort, very good fires. Friendly & informal. 6½/7½ gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt. Trefriw, Llanrwst 166.

COTE d'Azur. Typical Provençal hotel. Beautiful, quiet site above sandy beach. Modern comforts, 1st-class cuisine. Casino, dancing. Reduced rates up to end of June. Illus brochure: Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

PARIS Pension, 75 Rue Cardinal Lemoine Ve. Full pension 35s., half 28s. daily. Quiet, ideal for study: good cuisine, recomm.

SCHOOLS

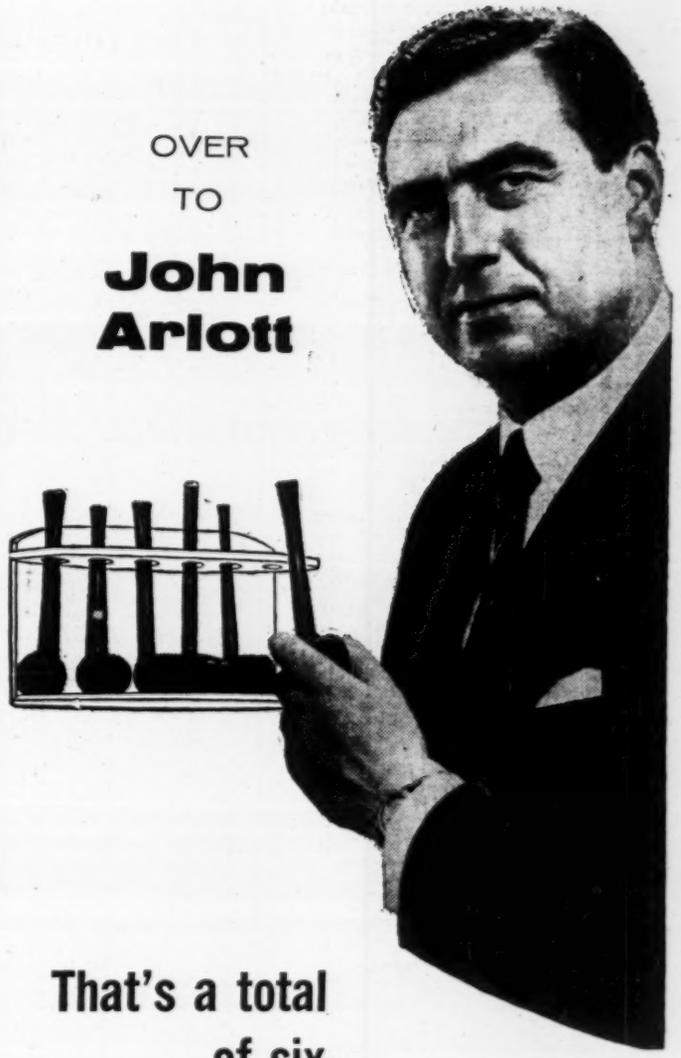
CO-OPERATIVE COLLEGE
STANFORD HALL, LOUGHBOROUGH, LEICESTERSHIRE

One hundred scholarships available for session 1959/60. These cover residence, tuition and personal allowance.

Course in SOCIAL STUDIES for University of Nottingham Diploma for external students; and Course for DIPLOMA IN CO-OPERATION.

APPLICATIONS must be received by 1 April.

Particulars from the Administrative Officer.



OVER
TO
John Arlott

That's a total of six...

six pipes, and one tobacco for them all. And that, of course, is St. Bruno. There's its flavour, which I really enjoy. What is more, every slow-burning pipeful lasts for the best part of an hour. And that completely satisfies me.

You're bound to like

St BRUNO

the most popular flake of all

4/6 an ounce

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

cost 6s. per line (average six words) minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d. Semi-display giving greater prominence 90s. per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post can normally be inserted same week.

N.S., Great Turnstile, London, WC1 Telephone HOLborn 8471

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

EDUCATION AND TRAINING OFFICER

THE BOOKER GROUP OF COMPANIES wish to appoint an Education and Training Officer in the Personnel Department of Bookers Sugar Estates, Ltd, in British Guiana. Bookers Sugar Estates, Ltd, are responsible for ten estates producing 250,000 tons of sugar a year and employing some 25,000 people. This is a new appointment and the vigorous development of the training programme forms a vital part of the Company's active personnel policy; training activities cover management and technical training at all levels – ranging from senior management training to an apprentice training school.

Applicants should be not more than 40 years of age and should have a thorough knowledge of training and education in industry, including some experience in apprentice and supervisor training and in the arrangement of senior management courses.

The position is a permanent one and will carry an attractive salary in accordance with the responsibilities of the appointment and related to the seniority, qualifications and experience of the candidate who is chosen. There is also an excellent pension scheme.

The appointment is centred on Georgetown and there will be assistance in finding housing and with the expenses of removal to British Guiana. There is long leave in the UK every other year with family passages.

Please apply, in writing only, to The Secretary, BOOKERS SUGAR COMPANY, LTD, Bucklersbury House, 83 Cannon Street, London, EC4.

Applications are invited for the following appointments:—

CHILD CARE OFFICER (SENIOR VISITOR) Female

CHILD CARE OFFICERS, Male and Female

Candidates for the above appointments should have an understanding of duties falling to a field worker in a Children's Department. Preference will be given to those holding recognised Child Care qualifications, but persons not technically qualified but with wide experience will receive consideration.

SALARY – APT I/II (£575 – £845) in addition to which the Senior Visitor receives a responsibility allowance.

Forms of application and full particulars may be obtained from The Children's Officer, 229 Woodhouse Lane, Leeds 2, to whom they should be returned by 28 March 1959.

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Applications are invited from suitably qualified candidates for the following posts: Assistant Lectureship or Lectureship. English Renaissance Literature with responsibility for teaching Italian within the English honours school. Salary scales: Assistant Lectureship: £700 × £50 to £850 per annum. Lectureship: £900 ×£50 to £1,350×£75 to £1,650 per annum. FSSU benefits and family allowances. Tutorships: Economics; Philosophy. Salary on the scale £575 to £625 per annum according to qualifications and experience. Further particulars can be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, by whom applications (six copies) must be received not later than Saturday, 4 April, 1959.

ADMINISTRATIVE County of Leicester. Applications are invited for the post of Drama Adviser. Academic qualifications and teaching experience, if any, should be stated as well as practical experience. The person appointed will form part of a team of advisers already appointed for music, art and crafts, and will be employed mainly in further education but the links with schools are growing. Salary scale £1,097 10s.×£26 5s. – £1,307 10s. (i.e. Organisers of special subjects Grade I plus £100). Starting point on scale according to qualifications and experience. Applications (no forms) with names of three referees, by 21 March to The Director of Education, County Offices, Grey Friars, Leicester.

WESTMORLAND County Education Committee. High School for Girls, Kendal (500 girls). Required for April or September, suitably qualified graduate to teach Physics to Advanced and Scholarship level, and some junior or middle school mathematcs or science. Applics. with testimonials and refs. to be made as soon as possible to the Headmistress at the School.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SHROPSHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE

Applications invited for appointment as YOUTH OFFICER for CENTRAL SHROPSHIRE. Suitable qualifications include Degree or Diploma, teaching experience, or training and experience in Youth work. Salary £708 15s.×£26 5s. – £997 10s., starting point according to experience and qualifications. Car allowance.

Forms, due back by 21 March, and further details (s.a.e.) from H. MARTIN WILSON, Secretary for Education, County Buildings, Shrewsbury.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE Education Committee. Gerrards Cross Memorial Centre. A Warden is required for this well-established and flourishing memorial centre. There is a membership of over 600 with a wide field of activities and educational classes in many subjects. Applicants should have had suitable experience in social work, teaching, industry or the Services and should have a genuine interest in people. Salary in accordance with qualifications and experience (maximum scale £498 15s.×£26 5s. to £945 a year with possible additional increments for training or other qualifications). Forms of application obtainable from the Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Aylesbury, to whom they should be returned within 14 days of this advertisement.

HERTFORDSHIRE County Council. Hatfield Technical College. Principal: Dr W. A. J. Chapman, MSc.(Eng.). Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Grade B in the Department of Commerce, Social and Professional Studies, to teach social studies to students of engineering and science beginning as soon as possible. Applicants should be qualified in Geography. Salary: £682 10s.–£1,076, starting point according to experience, with additions for qualifications and training. Details from the Registrar, to whom applications should be returned as soon as possible.

ESSEX Education Committee. Youth Employment Service. Applications are invited from suitably qualified women for appointment as Careers Advisory Officer for older school leavers, particularly from Grammar and Technical Schools. Candidates should be graduates with experience of vocational guidance and placing. Salary scale £845×£35–£1,025. Application forms available (s.a.e.) from Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford.

PADDINGTON Group Hospital Management Committee. Young Lady required as Student Electrocardiograph Technician with training at two large General Hospitals. Interesting post offered with training allowance of £200 p.a. at age 17 to £275 p.a. at age 21. G.C.E. or equivalent desirable. Further details obtainable from Technician at Paddington General Hospital (CUN. 4884 Ext. 327). Applications to the Secretary, Paddington Group Hospital Management Cttee, Harrow Road, W9, by 20 March 1959.

ROYAL Commission on Historical Monuments (England): Investigators required to visit and report on historic buildings, and undertake related historical research. Pensionable posts for men or women at least 22 on 1.1.59. Architectural training to at least Intermediate standard essential: or for one post normally university degree in archaeology, history, or other appropriate subject. Some historical knowledge and an interest in history of architecture desirable. Men's starting salary (London) £635 (or higher), rising to £1,110. Promotion prospects. Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for application form quoting 4950/59. Closing date 24 March 1959.

THE Board of Directors of the Crawley and District Co-operative Society invite any Sculptor who would be interested in providing a sculpture feature for their Town Centre Department Store to submit his ideas, sketches, etc., to the Board for consideration. The size of the panel which has been reserved for this purpose is 15ft high by 10ft wide. In submitting schemes the material to be used should be stated, and an indication of the fee for the commission, which must include provision of materials. The Society will bear the cost of erection. Please write to the Board of Directors, Crawley and District Co-operative Society, Ltd., 14-26 The Broadway, Crawley, Sussex.

A COMMENCING salary up to £750 per annum, dependent on qualifications, is offered to a Man under 35 years of age, capable of holding a senior position in a newly formed Labour and Public Relations Department. The person appointed, who will be responsible to the Labour and Public Relations Officers, will have journalistic/advertising experience, welcome responsibility and be keen to secure a position offering variety and opportunity. Excellent superannuation and Sick and Benevolent Schemes are in operation. Written applications in first instance should be addressed to the Managing Secretary, Scunthorpe Co-operative Society Limited, P.O. Box No. 4, 180/2 High Street, Scunthorpe, to be received not later than 21 March 1959.

THE Peace Pledge Union requires the services of a Receptionist at Dick Shepherd House. Duties include responsibility for switchboard; attention to callers; sale of literature; postage book. Apply (General Sec., 6 Endsleigh St, WC1, or Phone EUS. 5501.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

TRANSLATOR in German. Post in the Air Ministry in London for a man or woman aged at least 21 on 1.2.59. German to at least second-class honours degree standard but a diploma is not essential. High standard of written English essential. Knowledge of Dutch an advantage. Prospect of permanency. Starting salary (men) £528 (21) to £675 (25 or over). Maximum £1,085. Write Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for application form quoting 4951/59. Closing date 24 March 1959.

HIGH Wick, Tyttenhanger, Near St Albans, Herts. (Unit for Psychotic and Severely Maladjusted Children.) Applications are invited from Child Care Workers, residential, who wish to undertake advanced training in the psychiatric care of children at the above Unit. Commencing date September 1959. Salary £400×£20 (4) – £480 per annum, less £116 per annum for board-lodging. Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, together with the name of one referee, to Dr. George Stroh (N.S.), Consultant Psychiatrist, Bleak House, Catherine St, St Albans.

SWALCLIFFE Park School, Swalcliffe, Nr. Banbury, Oxon. A qualified male teacher is required immediately after Easter at this independent Special School for Maladjusted Boys, aged 11-16 years and of average intelligence. House available. Full details from the Principal.

LETCHWORTH Adult Educational Settlement requires Warden in September. Graduate (man or woman) preferred. Starting salary £550 p.a. Further details and applic. forms from Sec. (returnable by 6 April).

LEADERS (Men & Women) for work in Youth Organisations initially in Acton for 2 or 3 evenings per wk. Training & exper. necessary. Fee 35s. (qual.), 29s. 6d. (unqual.) p. evening. Application form & details from Borough Education Officer (s.a.e.), Town Hall, Acton, W3, returnable by 25 March (Quote Z271 NS).

HOUSEMOTHER required in April at school for maladjusted boys. Post offers considerable scope for someone interested in helping a small group of emotionally disturbed 9-11-year-olds. Salary £250-£300 a year resident, according to experience. Apply to the Principal, Tylehurst School, Forest Row, Sussex.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of full-time Welfare Officer (female). For particulars apply in writing to the Assistant Secretary, The Jewish Blind Society, 1 Craven Hill, London, W2.

FAMILY Planning Association requires Administrative Assistant. Previous office experience; ability to handle committee work and correspondence essential. Preferably University graduate and social service background. Salary scale £500-£700, starting point according to qualifications and experience. Hours 9.30-5 p.m. No Sats. Full particulars to General Secretary, FPA, 64 Sloane Street, SW1, marking envelope 'Application'.

FAMILY Planning Association offers part-time position for Organiser, preferably based on Birmingham, to cover West Midlands. Challenging work for woman with committee and organising experience, interested in social services. Owner-driver an advantage, able to undertake some evening work. Conditions and application form from General Secretary, Family Planning Association, 64 Sloane Street, London, SW1.

THE Labour Party requires a shorthand-typist with special duties in connection with sound and television broadcasting. Salary according to scale. Superannuation scheme. Apply to Mr Morgan Phillips, Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Sq., SW1.

LITERARY agent has opening for efficient reliable Secretary Shorthand Typist, good speeds, knowledge of publishing world advantage. Able use own initiative. Five-day week. Salary according to qualifications. Permanent post. For interview write Box 6913.

DESIGNER wanted for Machine Tool makers' brochures, catalogues, mailing pieces, etc. Ideas and finished art work, knowledge of typography. F. J. Edwards Ltd, 359 Euston Road, London, NW1.

MADRID. English Teacher required for special post, by large English-teaching Institute, Madrid. Indispensable: strong and lively personality, experience in Spain, modern methods. Three-four year contract; adequate salary assured. Send full details to: Apartado 839. Madrid.

ASSISTANT Publicity Manager required by leading publishers. Some experience desirable. Duties will include every side of publicity. Good prospects for someone with initiative and organising ability. Box 6909.

BILINGUAL English/German Secretary/Shorthand/Typist. Good working conditions, five-day week. Apply to The Rockwell Machine Tool Co., Ltd, Welsh Harp, Edgware Road, London, NW2.

PERSONAL Secretary, 21-25, for Television commentator. Apply Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

PART-Time Teacher, English to Foreigners, required by West End School. Experience essential. Ability to teach commercial subjects an advantage. Box 6665.

AT any age nothing is more important than the right career. Consult the Vocational Guidance Association, 37a Devonshire St, W1. Tel. WELbeck 8017.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CAMBRIDGESHIRE Education Committee. The Village College, Comberton. Applications are invited for the post of Tutor for Further Education at the Village College, Comberton, which is to open in January 1960. The person appointed will be expected to begin duty on 1 September 1959. The Tutor will be responsible to the Warden of the Village College for the organisation of Further Education throughout the area served by the College and will also assist in the Secondary Modern School. Salary according to Burnham Scale for Grade 'B' Assistants in Establishments for Further Education. Unfurnished accommodation will be available. Forms of application, which should be completed and returned by 31 March, and further particulars, may be obtained from the Chief Education Officer, Shire Hall, Cambridge. G. D. Edwards, Chief Education Officer.

TEACHER of the Deaf required to receive oral deaf boy aged 7 into own home for teaching. Child's sight deteriorating necessitating individual help. Own amplifier and typewriter. Box 6922.

BRITISH Actors' Equity require Sec./Shd/Tpist. TU scale to £10 2s. 6d. at 25. Write 8 Harley St, W1, or tel. MUS. 6367.

EDUCATED women with good shorthand and typing for interesting temporary positions, some with exceptionally short hours. Salaries are excellent. The St Stephen's Secretariat, 3/4 Lincoln's Inn Fields, WC2: 316 Vauxhall Bridge Rd, SW1.

A VACANCY occurs in a small professional office, EC1 District, for a lady shorthand/typist with some general office experience. Older person considered. Hours 9.45-5.15. Alt. Sat. mornings till noon. CEN. 9904.

SELECTION of first-class secretarial posts available, £500/£600, also two bilingual secs. French/English. Temp. Sh./Typs. req. for summer holiday relief. Duttons Secretarial Services, Ltd, 92 Great Russell St, WC1. MUS. 7379

SECRETARY Shorthand-Typists! Responsible well-paid posts are obtainable through St. Paul's Agency. No fees. Write to us for details of suitable vacancies. Temporary work also available! 35 Copthall Avenue, EC2. NAT. 9494.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

KINDERGARTEN helper, young, adaptable, excel. refs., sks posn. Box 6976.

SEC/Shthand-typist, own t'writer, political, lit'y, med. TV exp. reqs interesting job, 15 hrs weekly. Mrs. Bowers, TUD. 7528.

STATE Scholar (f) awaiting Univ. seeks temp. Lond. post. 154 Turney Rd, SE21.

COMMERCIAL/Lit. translations Eng./Ger. & vice versa, French/Eng. Full or part-time & privately. Own typewriter. Box 6660.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

WANTED urg. 2nd-hnd copy Spingarn (ed.) 17th Cent. Critical Essays. Box 6772.

'THAW or War?', R. P. Dutt; 'The Tory Offensive', G. Matthews, J. Wood, H. Howarth; 'War Over Berlin?', I. Montagu; '21st Congress', A. Rothstein. March Labour Monthly, 1s. 8d or 9s. half-yearly post free, Dept. N.S., 134 Ballards Lane, London, N3.

'13 Ways to Break the Smoking Habit,' by Kurt Salzer, costs only 3s. 6d. in bookshops, less than the price of 20 cigarettes. It may help you! By post 3s. 10d. Duckworth, 3 Henrietta St, London, WC2.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner (Books). Phone AMBassador 1564.

GERMAN books bought & sold: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd, NW8. MAI. 3030.

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street, CENtral 3907. Books bought in any quantity. Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

BOOKS bought, Left emphasis. Van calls. Hammersmith Bookshop, W6. RIV. 6807.

SCHOOLS

WYCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford, 10 to University age, small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self governing community. Principal, Miss E. M. Snodgrass, MA.

NEW Sherwood School, Epsom, parent-owned, progressive and co-educational, encourages children to explore their world and master its skills with friendly co-operation rather than authoritarian pressure from staff and parents. We welcome inquiries from parents of genuinely progressive outlook who wish to take an active interest in the development of their children.

ST CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth, co-education, 5 to 18 years, in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. High standards of creative work and achievement leading to Universities and satisfying careers. N. King Harris, MA.

THE Town and Country School, 38-40 Eton Avenue, NW3 (SWI. 3391). Small group weekly or full boarders accepted, boys and girls 5-18. GCE Advanced and Scholarship standard. Week-ends & Sum. holidays Hedgerley Wood, Chinnor Hill (16 acres woodland, Chiltern Hills 750ft). Realistic approach to modern education. E. Paul, PhD; M. D. C. Graham, MA (Oxon).

MERLAND House, 4½-14 yrs. Bexhill-on-Sea, Sx. Individual attention. Tel. 1613.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 384

HOME Preparation for Examinations. University Correspondence College, est. 1887, conducts tuition by postal lessons for General Certificate of Education (London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, and others), London University External Degrees (BA, BSc, BSc(Econ), LLB), ACP, LCP, Law, and many other exams. Prospectus free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals. Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street, LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day & evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

ST James' Academy, 283 Oxford Street, W. HYDe Park 6524 – Intensive Secretarial Course starts 6 April – small groups – remarkable results. Also attrac. Language Courses & Engl. for Continentals. Hampstead residence.

SPANISH private classes given by Spanish Grad. Mod. fees. Box 6848.

BYAM Shaw School of Drawing and Painting – Five annual Entrance Scholarships available in May for men and women who wish to train as professional artists: all awards are tenable for four years. Write for details to Sec., Byam Shaw School, Campden St, London, W8, before the end of March.

INDIVIDUAL tuition in painting. Monday 9 a.m.-3 p.m., Friday 9 a.m.-4 p.m., Saturday 9 a.m.-9 p.m. Studio available, or visiting. Heinz Koppel, 28 Grt North Rd, N6. FITzroy 0877.

PAINTING as a Pastime. Mary Law, exhibitor at RA and Paris Salon. Classes small. Beginners welcome. Tel. WIL. 6025.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of Pianoforte playing – Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin, LRAM, 46 Clarendon Rd., London, W.11.

EASTER AND SUMMER SCHOOLS

UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS
UNIVERSITY EXTENSION
SUMMER SCHOOL
at
TRINITY HALL, DUBLIN
25 July-1 August 1959
Subjects include Literature, Drama, Art, Education, History, Social Studies, and Economics. Fee: £8
Details from the Department of Extra-Mural Studies, The University, Leeds 2

'POLITICS and Public Opinion' with Ritchie Calder, John Beavan, William Gregory, Hugh Mackenzie & Robin Marris. Fabian Easter School, 26-30 March, Beatrice Webb House, Dorking. Partics.: 11 Dartmouth Street, SW1.

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group. 11 May to 11 Sept. 1959. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. Book for week, fortnight or longer. Prospectus from Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

FIRST-class typing all descriptions, cheapest rates MSS, etc. Eldridge, Highlands Cottage, Coles Oak Lane, Dedham, Essex.

ALL Types of Typewriting and Duplicating done directly. MSS, Plays, Scripts, Short Stories, etc. Speed is the keynote of our efficient, faultless, inexpensive service. Colinad Co., Ltd., 117 City Rd, EC1. CLE. 9637 (5 doors from Old St. Tube Stn).

FAULTLESS Typing for the discriminating writer. Highly recommended by famous authors. Novels, plays, poetry, etc. Editing by expd writer. Dorothy Shirley, 138 Green Lane, Edgware, Middx. STO. 6020.

DUKE Street Bureau – Bills, Reports, Specifications, all kinds of duplicating perfectly executed at low cost. 2 Duke Street, W1. WEL. 8804.

MRS. Jolly will type or duplicate it for you. 26 Charing Cross Road, WC2. TEM. 5588 and FRE. 8640.

FOR rapid and reliable duplicating & typing, reports, theses, references, plays, etc., Abbey Secretarial Bureau, 4 Victoria St, SW1. Rush jobs undertaken. ABB. 3772.

EXPERIENCED Typist undertakes typing of novels, plays, etc., also in German. Efficient, speedy, inexpensive service. C. Regent, 6 Tankerton Rd, Whitstable.

THE St. Stephen's Secretariat undertakes all kinds of duplicating and typing. 3-4 Lincoln's Inn Fields, WC2. CHA. 8217 and VIC. 0031.

LOOKS like print! New style duplicating by Susan Tully, 63 Wigmore St, W1. HUN. 9893. And standard typewriting service.

EXPERT typing. Plays, novels, scripts with really good copies. Recommended by famous writers, but rates still reas. James, Vaynol, E. Preston, Sussex. Rustington 982.

STELLA Fisher Secretariat, Ltd., 436 Strand, WC2. TEMple Bar 6644. Typewriting, Duplicating, Translations.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplicating service, 31 Kensington Church St, London, W8. WES. 5809.

MABEL Byles. Duplicating, Shorthand, Typing, Translating. 10 Beaconsfield Road, N11. ENT. 3324.

PERSONAL

SMALL building site or garages suitable for conversion to cottage, wanted in NW London. FITzroy 0324.

MOTHER, sons 7 & 8, knowl. farming, sks work, country; farm, cooking, beekeeping, care children, etc.; car driver. Box 6835.

FOUR Town-worn work-students (f) seek quiet cottage among hills at low cost, for Easter & 2 weeks after for study. Would treat right house with respect. Box 6641.

FURNISHED flat, Doctor's house Liverpool, offered. Domestic/receptionist services in return. Suit lady/couple. State wages required. Box 6812.

OXFORD, 27 Mar.-5 April. Room wanted by schoolteacher in exchange, e.g., light housework. Box 6686.

WTD, Linguaphone Italian course, gd. cond., exch. sim in German. Box 6891.

LARGE room, 30ft × 40ft approximately, wanted for Dance Studio. Good floor. 'Phone BYRon 0738.

FOREIGN girl reqd. 'au pair', to help in University Lecturer's household, pleasant situation nr Chester, o/lkg sea. Box 6943.

YNG lady sks compan. (f.), holiday Majorca last 2 wks August. Box 6965.

LEVANT. Prof, man, planning fortnight trip second half June approx., seeks companions. Please state hotel vs. camp prefs. Box 6908.

QUIET, simple sea/country holiday accom. sought for one (f). Box 6959.

LAME girl with surgical boot or pattern required urgently as film extra. Acting exp. unnecessary. Box 6632.

TWO Actors (amateur) required for Shakespeare comedy, now rehearsing with prof. director C. London. High standard of work. Details Box NS 671, LPE, Romano House, 399/401 Strand, London, WC2.

PERSONALIST Club. A new approach to literature, culture, leisure activities. Membership free. Write Box 6819.

BANALITY is too much with us: Late & soon listening & reading! (Apol. W.) Have you NS-topic interests but few NS-topic friends? Coffee bar/home discussion groups (unorganised after 1st introductions) may be solution. Please send s.a.e. & outline interests to fellow cynic H. Carter, 94 Church Road, Richmond.

EASTER Houseparty Surrey beauty spot 8 gns. Dancing/riding/golf. Also Hols abroad from £23 inc. Hotels with priv. beaches. Quality Travel, 184 High St, Guildford.

WORDBLINDNESS, difficulty in reading and spelling treated by individual, rapid method. Educational specialist can accept a few more cases. Adults & children. Box 6971.

GERMAN for GCE. Language/literature all levels. Native teachers. Ashley College, GER. 8782.

DESTINY of Man: 3-6 Apr. at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; also 'Life Drawing', 10 Apr. 'Goals of Mental Health'.

A NEW beginning in politics, a new policy. Write Box 5753 enclosing s.a.e.

YOU can speak Italian effortlessly in 3 months. Setogni, WEL. 6655 for details.

SAMOVAR Club for Graduates between 19-30 has a few vacancies for men. London Area. Box 6898.

EXPERIENCED Journalist writes speeches, reports, articles, books. Box 6365.

FOREIGN girls domest. and willing avail. (1) 'au pair', (2) requiring free board & lodg. in exch. 4 hrs help, (3) also small contribution for board and lodg. & 2 hrs help. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7.

PLEASING accent acquired after 2 or 3 private speech lessons. Box 6603.

RAF officers' uniforms and Mess kits purchased. E. Bedford, 47 Castlegate, Newark, Notts.

CHILDREN over 3 welcomed as p.g.s, own yng childn. Mr & Mrs P. D. Wilson, The Gables, Halland, Lewes, Sx. Halland 268.

MASSAGE for health & fitness relieves nervous tension. HAM. 2514, 1-5 p.m.

LET me trace your ancestry. Genealogical research. All kinds. Box 6622.

WRITE for Profit. Send today for interesting free booklet. Regent Institute (Dept. 1/191), Palace Gate, London, W8.

HOMOSEXUALS are still frequently prosecuted for acts committed by consenting adults in private. This is likely to continue until the law is changed. Write to The Homosexual Law Reform Society, 32 Shaftesbury Ave, London, W1.

LYRICS and sketches required. Scripts to Irving Theatre, Leicester Square, WC2.

INTERPRET for foreign holidays, 3 LP records & 2 books. Only £3 10s. post-free. French, Spanish, Italian & German. Free trial. No deposit. Barmerlea Book Sales, Ltd (Dept Visaphone NS), 10 Bayley St, WC1.

HUMANISM, a modern outlook. Write to Ethical Un, 13 Prince of Wales Tce, W8.

DUREX gloves and rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept N.N., 34 Wardour St., London, W1

PERSONAL—continued

ITALIAN Riviera fully eqpd flats to let nr sea, sleep 3. Reas. Box 6726.

ST Ives, Cornwall. Accom. in artist's large old house overlkg sea. Box 6532.

IMPECUNIOUS But Aesthetic? Please send for catalogue: Margery Dean, Wivenhoe, Essex. Good inexpensive antiques.

FOREIGN girls seek domestic posts, preferably au pair. Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton Street, SW3. KEN 1586.

THE rain in Spain stays mainly in the plains, but there is a fine Spanish liquid that comes as far as these shores. It's El Cid Sherry, the superb Amontillado. Light yet full bodied, it's a palate-pleaser everywhere.

BOOK manuscripts, fiction, juvenile, poetry and general invited for early publication. Royalty and authors' property agreements issued. Reasonable terms. Golden Pegasus Books Ltd (Dept. P.38), 124 New Bond Street, London, W1.

STOP Smoking At Once – or money back! Free booklet from Natural Health Co., Dept. J.12, 23 White Hart Lane, SW13.

DAVIES Investments Limited, Bankers, still offer 7½% on sums £20 to £500 (withdrawal on demand) with extra ½% on each £500 unit – details from Investment Dept N, Davies Investments Ltd, Danes Inn House, 265 Strand, London, WC2.

SEE Entertainments column: Watford Party.

TV Urgently Needs Scripts! Our correspondence course can teach you to earn big money by writing TV scripts that sell. Individual and practical coaching by experts. Free Prospectus from Dept 104, Television Writing School, 7 Harley St, London, W1.

EN Famille Holidays in Austria, France, Germany, Italy, etc. . . . Why not let us make individual arrangements for you to enjoy the interesting, friendly atmosphere of a private family or join one of the special groups visiting our International Host-Family Centres? Meet and get to know the people of the country you visit. Illustrated brochure: EFA, 1 New Burlington Street, Regent Street, W1. (REG. 8866.)

EYESIGHT Rehabilitation Clinic is now open at 4 Blandford St, London, W1. Every Wed., 1.30 p.m.-9 p.m. LAN. 3626.

KNOW-How means Writing Success for you. No Sales – No Fees tuition. Gift Year's Subscription to Britain's foremost magazine for Writers, also Free Writing Ability Test. N.2 'Know-How Guide to Writing Success', from BA School of Successful Writing Lad, 124 New Bond Street, London, W1.

WE meet to explore and promote progressive ideas in a pleasant and friendly atmosphere. Write Sec. (D), Progressive League, 20, Buckingham St, WC2.

LONDON Contact Lens Centre, 66 New Cavendish Street, W1. Booklet sent, also Oxford, Cambridge, Ipswich.

MR. M. DAVIDSON, FSMC, Ophthalmic Optician, attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, EC1 (Tel. HOL. 8193.)

MSS published by commission. Details s.a.e. A. J. Chapple, Birkholme Drive, Meir Heath, Stoke, Staffs.

PLANNED Families Booklet free. Write Court Surgical Stores, Ltd, 12 Marriotts Court, Manchester, 2, for our price list of our Surgical goods.

GUITAR Lessons. Classical. Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Rd, SW10. FLA. 4354.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd, Chronicle House, Fleet St, EC4. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving details and fees for our Courses & Criticisms, and success letters from students.

PLANNED Family Requisites. List s.a.e. Surgical Stores, 10a Dartmouth Rd, SE23.

CHRONIC Catarrh is commonly treated with drugs, inhalants, gargles, sprays, cauterisation and even surgery but, withal, the condition – the implacable enemy of fitness, activity, happiness (and beauty) – remains. Garlisol tablets will liquefy catarrh and purify and clear the whole system. Entirely harmless and benevolent; no drug reaction on the heart or any other organ. Not habit-forming. Send 52s. 6d. today for 1,000 Garlisol tablets (six months' supply) with informative booklet of home treatment and dietary advice. – Garlisol Natural Remedies, Fairlight, Sussex.

SIMON Dewes, Author of best sellers, advises on your MSS: The Forge, Kettleburgh, Suffolk.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, SW7. KENsington 8042.

FAMILY Planning requisites by post anywhere. Booklet, price list free under sealed cover. Premier Laboratories Ltd, 315/46 Grays Inn Rd, London, WC1.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

FINCHLEY Rd. Single-divan furnished room, newly decorated, cooking facilities, hot water, clean, quiet house, £2 10s. 56 Crediton Hill, NW6. HAMpstead 2854.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—continued

LIGHT spacious single divan-room. Central heating, constant hot water, linen, china, separate cooking, share bath. NW2. Transport good. £3 10s. WIL. 6025.

CHISWICK. Lge dble/sgle div. b/s., h. & c., ckg facs, use tel., bath. Nr bus & Rly. Gdn to river. CHI. 7178 aft. 8 p.m.

FLAT-Share Specialists – also furnished flats and rooms. Roy's Bureau, 40 Mortimer Street, W1. MUS. 0512.

MUSWELL Hill. Two well-furn. rooms & kitchenette, private house. Garage avail. TUD. 7104 weekend or after 5 wkdays.

WC1 gdn sq., furn. grnd flr flat, dble b-q. & k.-d., use bth. 4½ gns. TER. 1628.

WTD. 1/2 girls share flat Finchley Rd, fr. 16 Mar. 2 mnths 47s. 6d. MAI. 3031.

DOUBLE furn. room, use kit., etc. Child taken. N. Kent. Box 6901.

SUNNY, comf. divan-b/s., share k. & b., mod. flat, C.H.W., central htg. Putney, offd to potentially cheerful woman. Box 6928.

DETACHED furn. house Highbury. Sleep 6. 10 gns. CAN. 1352/7569.

LARGE bed-sitting room, h. & c.w., cooking facil., Cricklewood Bdway. F., refined person, 2 gns. GLA. 4631 morn./evg.

W1. 3 men (grads) mid 20's, seek 1 or 2 to share mod. furn. house. AMB. 9236.

ILFORD. ¼ hr to Liverpool St, 2 furn. rooms (one with cooker) & bthrm, for gentleman. 55s. per wk. Refs. reqd. Box 6834.

OX. grad. (f.) wants similar (25-30) to share s/c mod. Hampstead flat; c.h., c.h.w., tel., £3 6s. p.w. incl. heat, light, share kit. & bathrm. Own room (Literary pref.) Box 6836.

FURN.house, 3 bed., liv.-rm, k. All nationalities. 6 gns. p.w. Eltham. Box 6921.

ACCOM. with partial board available. 'Phone MAI. 4154 or call 98 Maida Vale.

HIGHGATE. B/sit. room, modern, cent. htd court, view. 3 gns. MOU. 4695.

W2. Large, sunny bed-sitting room in private flat; c.h., c.h.w. Nr. Kensington Gardens, 1 min. from Underground/buses. BAY. 6178 or Box 6982.

ATTRACT. lge b/s., priv. hse, ckg facs. No lin. Lady pref. 4 gns. HAM. 9271.

CHELSEA. Writer (f.) off. share charming mod. hse prof. woman 28-40. FLA. 3258.

HIGHGATE Woods. Sunny 2-rmd flat, fine view, own lav. Empld lady. TUD. 8160.

ST John's Wood. Best residential position. Furnished double rooms every facility. From £4 4s. Enquiries: MAI. 2662.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 200 dble & sgle rooms, £4 10s. full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

WIMBLEDON Common. 2 spacious flats. 2-3 rms, furn./unf. Superb view. 5½ & 6½ gns. Ideal country lovers forced to live in Town. Child welcome. WIM. 2951.

FURN. flat, close Parliament Hill Fields, 2 rooms, cooking facs, own bathroom. From 4 April. GUL. 1758.

COMF. double & single bedsitter, cooking fac. Suit business people. HEN. 6375.

COMFORTABLE single flatlet, h. & c. water, service, etc. Hampstead, Professional ladies only. PRI. 6389.

HOLIDAYS: furnished cottage, delightful position Somerset, near Dorset-Wilts border. Sleep 6-7, all services, phone, garage. 7 gns. a week. Box 6837.

CARAVAN to let. Charming position Alfriston, Sussex. Box 6893.

FURNISHED cottage near Midhurst, Sussex, for summer holidays. Not detached. 2 bedrooms, bathroom adjacent, elec. 4 gns. Details Box 6889.

WELSH Cottage by mountain stream, sea 4 mls., avail. 18 April on. Sleep 6+; Studio & Study, ideal writer, artist; long or short lets. S.a.e. details. Box 6751.

CORNWALL. Ten (only) detached cedarwood chalets in peaceful valley near sea. Each beautifully equipped for 4 or 6, with own indoor flushing w.c., electric oven and h. & c. shower. No caravans or other bldgs on site. Regret full 4 July-5 Sept. S.a.e. for brochure to St Margaret's, Polgooth, St Austell.

LARGE luxury-furnished flat offered for two weeks in July and/or last two weeks in August. Six apartments. Dumfries. Centre of holiday district. 7 gns. wkly. Box 6838.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

DOCTOR and wife urgently wish to buy or rent unfurnished self-contained flat or small house, SW London (4 rooms, kitchen, bathroom essential). Write Box 6789.

WANTED unfurn. accom. for married couple. Decorate willingly. Box 6816.

2 bed/sits, kitchen, use bath, furn., part/furn., up to £7, or 3 bed/sits, etc., 9 gns. W1, W2, NW3 preferred. Box 6673.

WANTED to rent or buy, studio in London Square, or house/flat with garden and studio. Box 6860.

PROPERTY TO LET

CENTRAL Highlands. Cottage to let, simple but not stark. Donlellan, Foss by Pitlochry.

OPERA AND BALLET

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE
COVENT GARDEN
THE ROYAL BALLET

Evgs. 7.30, Mats. Sats. 2.15

16 Mar.	Le Lac des Cygnes
17 & 20 Mar.	La Valse, Giselle
18 Mar.	Danses Concertantes, Giselle
19 Mar.	Harlequin in April, La Fête Etrange, Job
21 Mar. (mat.)	Coppélia
21 Mar. (evg.)	The Sleeping Beauty

COVENT GARDEN OPERA

Summer Season opens 1 April. Rep. incl. Lucia di Lammermoor (in Italian), A Masked Ball. Prog. available. Booking now open.

COV. 1066.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE
TER. 1672. Evenings 7.30

Last Two Weeks of Season

17 & 26 Mar.	The Flying Dutchman
19 Mar.	Russalka
21 & 24 Mar.	Samson & Delilah
28 Mar.	Eugene Onegin

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Tues. to Fri. 8.0. St. & Sn. 5 & 8. 'The Buskers'. Mems.

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Monday 16 March one night only, 'Natural Causes', by Vera Colebrook. Dennis Price as 'Sir James Sillair'. 7.30. Mems only.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Glamour & Girls. 3-yr Cont' revue fr. 2.30 Sn. 4. 10th Ed. 5th wk. Call/send 27s. 6d. for mems. tkt.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. 7.30 Th. 2.30 S. 5 & 8.15. The Long & The Short & The Tall. 'Should run for ever.' S. Graph.

HEARTBREAK House, by George Bernard Shaw, presented by The Royal Academy of Dramatic Art and Produced by John Fernald. St Pancras Town Hall, Thursday next at 7.30. Tickets: 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d. from Town Hall (TER. 7070) & Pub. Libraries in St Pancras.

THE Royal, E15. MAR. 5973. 8. St. 5 & 8. 'Fings Ain't Wot They Used t' Be'.

TOWER. 7.30, 13, 14 (Mems 15), 19, 20, 21 Mar.: 'The Good Woman of Setzuan', CAN. 5111 (6-8.30), CAN. 3475 (before 6), Canonbury, N1.

SPECIAL occasion at Unity Theatre! Cabaret, Dancing. First class band, all for 2s. 6d. Sat. 14 March, 8 p.m. Bar extension until midnt. Opening 20 Mar., Ted Willis's 'God Bless the Guv'nor'. EUS. 5391.

CONCERTS

SUMMER SCHOOL OF MUSIC
(Dir. of Music: William Glock)
(Secretary: John Amis)
DARTINGTON HALL, Devon
1-29 AUGUST

Artists and Teachers include:
Peter Pears, Julian Bream, Benjamin Britten, George Malcolm, Colin Davis, Hans Richter-Haaser, Vlado Perlemuter, Luigi Nono, Gloria Davy, Sir Kenneth Clark, Amaryllis Fleming, Aimee van der Wiele, Vegh & Vlach String Quartets, Pro Musica Antiqua (Dir. Safford Cape), 'Luca Marenzio' Vocal Sextet. Send 3d. stamp for illustrated prospectus to Sec., 16 Eccleston Sq., SW1.

MUSICA Antica e Nuova. Dir: Celia Bizony. Mon. 16 March at 8 p.m. Arts Council, 4 St James's Sq., SW1. Instrumental/vocal works by Schuetz, Luebeck, Fux, Corelli, Lully, Couperin, Hindemith, Blacher. 4s. 6d & 3s. 6d. at Chappell's & at door.

PURCELL: Dido & Aeneas. Haydn: Ariadne. Blow: Chaconne. Ilse Wolf, Norman Platt a.o. Choir, Orchestra, Cond.: Walter Bergmann. Sat., 21 March, 7.30. Mary Ward Settlement, 5 Tavistock Place, WC1. Tickets 3s. 6d. from registrar or at door.

THE Concert of Contemporary German Music arranged for 16 March 1959 at the German Institute, 51 Princes Gate, SW7, has had to be cancelled.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). 'The Bolshoi Ballet' (U). Eastman colour.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Films by Ingmar Bergman: Until 15 March: 'Sawdust and Tinsel' (X). From 16 March: 'Smiles of a Summer Night' (X).

ROXY. BAY. 2345. W/c. 15 Mar. Julie Harris, Laurence Harvey, Eva Gabor, 'The Truth about Women'. (A). 'Timelock', (A).

WATFORD: Anniversary Party, Progressive League. Friday 13 March 7.45 p.m. Little Theatre Hall, 14 High Street, Watford; next to Fire Station. Train met 7.38 p.m. Watford Junction Stn. Leaves Euston 7.7. Adm. 3s. 6d. All welc. Music by Hot-Cocos.

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

CHINESE Films – Premier Performance 'Fifteen Girls & a Coach' & 'Actors in the Making' (both 35mm.) Sat., 21 March, 7.30 p.m. Holborn Assembly Hall, Johns Mews, Theobalds Rd, WC1. Tkts 3s. 6d. and s.a.e. Britain-China Friendship Association, 228 Grays Inn Rd, WC1.

GEFFRYE Museum, E2. Art Films, Sundays 2.30 and 3.45. 15 March: Collette: Bulgarian Art; Story of the True Cross. 22 March: Ad Dei Honorem: Buma (African Sculpture): Master Pavel of Levoca (252).

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to Don Simmons' Group. Today, Sat., 14 March 8-11 p.m. Mems 3s. & their guests 5s.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Reproductions of paintings on show at 11 Great Turnstile, WC1. Agents with complete range in main towns – details on request. Large prints 3 and 4 gns. inc. tax. Catalogue 1s. 6d.

ARNE Jacobsen: Architecture, Furniture, Textiles, RIBA, 66 Portland Place, W1. Till 25 March. Mon.-Fri. 10-7; Sat. 10-5. Adm. Free.

CONTEMPORARY Art Society Recent Purchases. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 26 March. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues. & Thurs., 10-8. Admission 1s.

YOUNG Contemporaries/59, RBA Galleries, Suffolk St, SW1. 10-5, Sun. 2-5.

RWS Galleries 26 Conduit St, W1. Royal Society of Painters-Etchers & Engravers. Annual Exhib. 2-25 March, 10-5. Sat. 10-1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St. Street, W1. Norman Adams: Recent Paintings; Bernard Kay: 1st One-man Exhibn.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions Mon.-Friday, 10-5. Adm. free.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock Street, W1. MAYfair 4419. 9-21 March. Lanceman, Francyn, Verdianelli, Paintings. 10-6. Sats. 10-1.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay St, W1. Enrico Baj: Interplanetary paintings.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. Paintings by Bardone. First London Exhibition. Daily 10-5, Sats. 10-12.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. New Paintings by Roger Lersy; French Impressionist paintings; 'Gravures en couleurs'. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1 p.m.

ARCADE Gallery, 28 Old Bond Street, W1. Eighteenth Century Paintings: G. D. Tiepolo, Giaq. Corrado, Ghislandi, Carlone, Oudry, H. Robert, F. Bayeu, etc. 10-5. Sat. 10-1.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2, two exhibitions of paintings, Alfred Daniels & Leonie Jonleigh. 3-28 Mar.

HENRY Cliffe. The Metamorphoses Suite. 6 new lithographs. 3-28 March inclusive. 10-6, Sat. 10-1. St George's Gallery, 7 Cork St, W1. REG. 3660.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: East End Academy 1959. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

GEFFRYE Museum, E2. Paintings by Philip Sutton; 12 March to 8 April. (253.)

THE New American Painting. An Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 22 March. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8, Sun. 2-6. Admission 1s. 6d.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq., Paintings by Henry Inlander and Denis Mathews. Water-colours by Andre Bicat. 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

KAPLAN Gallery: Martin Bloch – Works 1917-33. 6 Duke Street, St. James's, SW1. WHI. 8665. Until 4 April.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Paintings and Drawings by Suzanne Rodillon. Till 21 March, Daily 10-6, except Sundays.

WADDINGTON Galleries, Bryan Wynter: recent paintings. 2 Cork Street, W1. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Leonelli. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1. Until 4 April. 142 New Bond Street, W1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. 8 German Painters: Bruning, Gaul, Gotz, Hoehme, Dahmen, Schultze, Schumacher, Platschek. Until 21 March. Weekdays 10-6, Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s. Members free. Library: Drawings by Gordon Fazakerley. Until 21 March.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

NYASALAND – STONEHOUSE RETURNS

Central Hall, Friday 20 March at 7.30 p.m. Speakers: JOHN STONEHOUSE, MP, CANON L. J. COLLINS, KANYAMA CHIUME, FENNER BROCKWAY & BARBARA CASTLE, MP.

Organised jointly by MCF & Committee for African Organisations. Tickets 1s. at door, or 2s. 6d. reserved obtainable from MCF, 374 Gray's Inn Road, WC1 (TER. 1078.)

Universities & Left Review Club
'SOCIALISM & COMMUNITY':
PETER WILLMOTT
The Marquee (next Academy Cinema), Oxford St, W1. Mon., 16 March, 7.30. 2s. Mems 1s.

LONDON Schools Left Club. Fri. 20 March, A. L. Lloyd, 'Folk Song in Industrial Society'. 5.45. 7 Carlisle St., W1. Adm. 9d., mems free (School students only).

NYASALAND: A Public Mtg in Manchester Fri. 13 March, 7.30, at Friends Meeting House, Mount St, M'ter, 2. Speakers: W. K. Chiume (The African Leader who escaped), and W. Griffiths, MP.

AFRICAN Forum. Abu Mayanja opens a discn on Central Africa, Tues., 17 Mar., 7.30. Partisan, 7 Carlisle St, Soho Sq., W1.

JOIN Teachers' Nuclear Disarmament Contingent. Easter march Aldermaston-London. Phone VAN. 4661.

CUCaND Lecture Series. Sir Richard Acland: 'The Statesman and the Bomb', Saturday Morning 11 a.m. 14 March, Conway Hall (Holborn Tube). Adm. free.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Wed., 18 March. 'Trouble in Central Africa', John Stonehouse, MP, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. 7.30 p.m. Vis. 2s. 6d.

LONDON Society of Jews and Christians. Tuesday, 17 March, at 7 p.m. Mediæval Christian and Jewish Literature. Speakers: Rev. M. W. Atkins, MA, Rev. Dr S. Goldman, MA. Chairman: Rev. Dr J. W. Parkes, NAD, Ph.D, at Kings Weigh House Church Hall, Binney St, Oxford St, W1. All welcome.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1. 21 March at 6 p.m., Mr. Alan Salter: New Zealand the Unknown (with coloured slides).

NIGEL Nicolson, MP B'mouth E. Thursday, 19 March, 8 p.m. at Dalcroze Hall, 10a Newton Rd, W2 (off Westbourne Gro.). Buses 7a, 15, 28, 31, 36. Paddington UN Assn. Adm. free.

BRITISH-Asian & Overseas Socialist Fellowship Mtg, Sun., 15 March, at 7 p.m. at 4 Woodhouse Sq., Leeds. Spkr: Fenner Brockway on Central African Federation.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. Public Lecture, Wed. 18 March, 6.30 sharp: 'The Necessity of Meditation', Ven. Pannavaddho Bhikkhu (English Sangha). Also Study Classes: Theravada, Tues. 17 March, 6.30 (M. O'C. Walshe). Mahayana, Fri. 20 March, 6.30 (Dr P. S. Jaini). Book now for Summer School, Hoddesdon, 28 Aug-4 Sep., £9 incl. Read 'The Middle Way' (3s.) for Buddhist news & views. Inf. TAT. 1313.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N.10: Swami Ghanananda, Suns. 5 p.m. Bhagavad-Gita. Thurs 19 Mar., 7.30, Caxton Hall, SW1: 'Comparative Religion I'. Vedanta Magazine 2s. 6d.

HAMPSTEAD Humanist Society – Christopher Gotch, ARIBA: 'Schism in Hampstead'. At 37 Broadhurst Gdns, Tues. 17 March at 7.15.

W. Q. JUDGE: Special Commemoration Meeting. Sunday, 15 March, 8 p.m. All welcome. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. (PAD. 0688.)

IWC, London Branch. Fri. 13 Mar. 8.30 p.m. Free. Mr Sa-ard Tansubhol. LL.B. 'Thailand: My Country'. (Illus.) Fri. 20 Mar. 8.30 p.m. Free. Dr Albertine Gaur. 'Indian Masks' (Illus.). 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688.

'CASE for Biochemics', Dr Henry Gilbert, Caxton Hall, Mon. 16 March, 7.30. 2s. 6d. London Natural Health Society.

SPLACE Ethical Soc., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sun. 11 a.m. 15 Mar. John Lewis, Ph.D. 'Science, Faith and Scepticism'. Write for free 'Record'. Chamber Music Concert 6.30 p.m.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

BRITISH Asian and Overseas Socialist Fellowship (London): discussion meeting Wed. 18 March, 7.30 p.m., First floor, Partisan, 7 Carlisle St, W1. Harold Miller on 'Israel To-day'. Adm. 1s.

STUDENTS! Oppose South African separate Universities! Join National Union of Students' Protest March, Marble Arch Corner 2.30 p.m. Sunday 15 March. Rally starts Trafalgar Square approx. 4 p.m. Your opinions count. Show them now!

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. Fri. 13 Mar. 8 p.m. Recital Evening – Hertha L. Ernst, J. W. Ernst, P. C. Friis (of Marie Steiner School for Speech & Dram. Art), Russian Poetry & Prose: Pushkin, Tyutchev, Lermontov, Dostoevsky, Blok, Fet, Solovyov, Pasternak (in Russian & English). Thurs. 19 Mar. 8 p.m. Jay Leyda: A Discussion on the Soviet Cinema. All interested are invited, entrance free. Sat. 14 Mar. 8 p.m., Social Evening at 45 Colet Gdns, W14. Anya Linden, Igor Tamarin, Nico Chavchavadze. Russian Dances, Gypsy Songs, impromptu entertainment. Russian buffet. Limited number of seats left, 5s. (mems 3s.), from 46 Ladbroke Grove, W11. PARk 7696.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Philosophy. Zen – Personal experiences. Carmen Blacker (Lecturer in Japanese at Cambridge University). Chairman: To be announced. Thurs. 19 Mar., 8.15. Mems 1s. 6d., guests 3s.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Soviet Art. Discussion suggested by the 'Russian Painting' exhibition at the Royal Academy. Speakers will include Osbert Lancaster, Henry Roland, Paul Hogarth. Members 1s. 6d., guests 3s. Tuesday, 17 March, 8.15 p.m.

SUNDAY, 15 March, 8 p.m. Mordechai Oren, Member World Executive Mapam, on 'Immigration from Eastern Europe'. Questions, discussion, at Mapam Hall, 37 Broadhurst Gdns, NW6.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8, Sun., 15 March, 6.30. Music & Readings. 7 p.m. Virginia Flemming: 'Preparation for Unrequited Goodness'.

SHAW Society: LAMDA students dir. by Ellen Pollock in 'Heartbreak House': 7 Albemarle St, W1. 20 March, 7 sharp. Nonmems 2s. 6d.

THE Arts in Post-war Britain – a symposium. The New Jewish Society, 36 Hallam St, W1. 8 p.m. Wed., 18 March.

TWO experts with strong personalities discuss, 'The Value of UNA'. Join Westminster Branch at the National Liberal Club, Whitehall Place, SW1. 8 p.m., 17 March.

GEFFRYE Museum, E2. Mr Wolsey Talking – a discussion of good and bad pieces of period furniture. Thursdays, 12 and 19 March at 7 p.m. (253).

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

IF we are to survive (Nuclear War? – Economic Crisis?) Pub. Meeting, Sun., 15 March, 7 p.m. Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd, SW1. Socialist Party of Gt Brit.

CONWAY Discussions. S. Pl. Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Tues. 7.15 p.m. 17 Mar. Maurice Cranston, 'John Stuart Mill's "Essay on Liberty"'.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

EAST Meets West'. Week-end Conference, Oxford, 17-19 April. K. D. D. Henderson on Post Colonial Period; D. Bryan and Rolla Rouse (both widely travelled in China) Different views on China; A. D. Angadi on Asian Music; V. K. Ramaswami on Indian Industrial Development; R. Iyer sums up. Tour of Oxford. £2 10s. full board inc. Programme from UNA. 31 Castle Street, Reading.

ARCHITECTURAL Association School of Architecture. Entrance Examination for admission September 1959 will be held on 13 April. Last date for applications: 1 April. Full particulars and application forms from: Principal, 36 Bedford Square, WC1.

ALBERT Schweitzer College, Churwalden (4,000 ft.), Switzerland. Year Course 1959-60, 1 Oct.-30 June. A modern international study centre inspired by life and thought of Albert Schweitzer. A balanced education in a democratic community. Courses, in both English and German, on philosophical and sociological problems, religion, ethics and psychology. Language instruction. Arts and sports. Good general education required. For adults, min. age 18. Three 11-week terms. Cost £98 10s. per term inclusive for board, lodging and tuition. Holiday Courses: 13-25 July, 2-14 August. Please ask for separate prospectus. References available.

SECRETARIAL Training, especially for university graduates, and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secretary, Davies's, 2 Addison Road, W1. PARk 8392.

TOUCH-typing &/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

ENGLISH language tutor has vacancies for foreign students Great Russell St. Small classes and private. PUT. 2619.

LECTURE COURSES—cont. on page 383

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION RATES

50s. by surface mail to any address in the world. (25s. for six months.)
By air mail to Europe 90s.; Middle East 98s.; N. & S. America, India & Pakistan 118s.; Australia, New Zealand, Japan, 140s.
By air express to W. Africa 90s.; E. Africa 95s.; S. Africa, India 98s.; Singapore & Malaya 105s.; Australia 130s.;
U.S.A. $9 (surface), $19 (air)

NEW STATESMAN Great Turnstile London WC1

Incorporating *The Nation* and *The Athenaeum*. Registered at the GPO as a newspaper. Entered as second-class matter at the New York Post Office, NY, 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, SE1. Published weekly at Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Postage on this issue: inland 2½d, foreign 2½d, Canada 1d.